THE SPANISH TRAGEDIE:

OR,

Hieronimo is mad againe,

by

Thomas Kyd.

Containing the lamentable End of DON HORATIO,
and BEL-IMPERIA:
with the pittifull Death of olde HIERONIMO.
Newly corrected and amended of such grosse Faults
as passed in the first Impression.

At London:
Printed by Edward Allde, for
Edward White,
1587.

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INTRODUCTION BY ER

The Spanish Tragedy by Thomas Kyd was the first of the great Elizabethan revenge tragedies and was a major influence on Shakespeare when he wrote *Hamlet* fifteen years later. Both plays begin with a ghost and include a climactic play-within-a-play and a tragic hero who can't make up his mind.

My object in preparing this modern version of *The Spanish Tragedy* was to make an understandable and enjoyable version of the play while retaining an authentic Elizabethan feeling and without sacrificing too much of Kyd's exuberant style.

This version differs in the following ways from the first edition of 1592:

1. I've modernized the spelling and changed words and usages unfamiliar to the modern play-goer. I've removed or discretely translated all the Latin and minimized the extensive references to classical mythology.
2. I've shortened the longer speeches.
3. I've removed the two scenes located in Portugal and the Portuguese sub-plot involving Alexandro and Villuppo.
4. I've changed the order of several scenes in order to place the interval roughly in the middle of the play.
5. I've smoothed out and simplified several ambiguities.

But I've retained the blank verse and recognizable antique words. The play is about two thirds the length of the original, and about 95% of the words are Kyd's.

PLOT SUMMARY

Don Andrea, a low-ranking Spanish nobleman, has had a secret affair with Bel-imperia, the daughter of the Duke of Castile. In a battle with Portugal, he is killed by Balthazar, son of the Portuguese Viceroy. His ghost returns, hoping to see his death revenged.

Balthazar is taken prisoner by Andrea's friend Horatio, son of Hieronimo, the Knight Marshal of Spain. Although he's a prisoner, Balthazar's royal status gives him much freedom, and he falls in love with Bel-imperia, but discovers that she's in love with Horatio. He and Lorenzo, Bel-imperia's brother, murder Horatio.

Hieronimo discovers who the murderers are. After agonizing over what to do, he decides to revenge himself privately on the two murderers, using deception and a false show of friendship to keep them off their guard.

A state marriage between Bel-Imperia and Balthazar is set, and the Viceroy travels to Spain to attend the ceremony. Hieronimo is given responsibility over the entertainment for the marriage ceremony, and he uses it to carry out his revenge. He devises a play, to be performed at the ceremonies, and convinces Lorenzo and Balthazar to act in it. Bel-imperia, by now a confederate in Hieronimo's revenge plot, also acts in the play.

Real knives are used in the play-within-a-play. Hieronimo kills Lorenzo. Bel-imperia kills Balthazar and herself. Hieronimo explains his actions to the horrified audience, then kills the Duke of Castile and himself.

THE CHARACTERS

THOMAS KYD, the author

THE CHORUS:
GHOST of Andrea
Spirit of REVENGE

KING of Spain
Duke of CASTILE, the King's brother
LORENZO, the Duke's son
BEL-IMPERIA, the Duke's daughter

HIERONIMO, Knight-Marshal of Spain
ISABELLA, his wife
HORATIO, his son

GENERAL of the Spanish army

VICEROY of Portugal
DON PEDRO, the Viceroy's brother
BALTHAZAR, the Viceroy's son
Portuguese AMBASSADOR
to the Spanish court

PEDRINGANO, servant to Bel-imperia
SERBERINE, servant to Balthazar
CHRISTOPHEL, servant to Lorenzo
PAGE to Lorenzo
MAID to Isabella
DEPUTY to Hieronimo
HANGMAN
Three WATCHMEN
Three CITIZENS
BAZULTO, an old man
Two PORTUGUESE
SERVANT to Hieronimo
SERVANT at the Court
MESSENGER

Attendants, Citizens, Soldiers, etc.

In the Dumb-show: Hymen, two Torch-bearers

SUMMARY OF SCENES

1/1 CHORUS. The Ghost of Andrea describes his death and journey to the Underworld.

1/2 The General describes to the King the Spanish victory over the Portuguese. Arrangements are made for the captivity (and entertainment) of Prince Balthazar.

1/3 Horatio describes Andrea's death to Bel-imperia. Balthazar tries to court Bel-imperia, but she rejects him.

1/4 CHORUS. Revenge soothes the Ghost's impatience.

2/1 Pedringano reveals to Lorenzo and Balthazar that Bel-imperia loves Horatio.

2/2 Horatio and Bel-imperia plan a romantic tryst, but they are spied on by Lorenzo, Balthazar and Pedringano.

2/3 The King and Castile plan a marriage between Balthazar and Bel-imperia.

2/4 Horatio and Bel-imperia meet to make love. Lorenzo, Balthazar, Pedringano and Serberine murder Horatio and abduct Bel-imperia. Hieronimo and Isabella find the body.

2/5 Hieronimo, mad with grief, wanders near Castile's house. Bel-imperia, still captive, throws a letter to him out the window. He reads it and tries to see Bel-imperia, but Lorenzo and Pedringano tell him she isn't there. Lorenzo suspects Serberine of telling Hieronimo who murdered Horatio. Lorenzo and Pedringano plot to murder Serberine.

2/6 Pedringano murders Serberine, but is arrested by the Watch, who have been alerted by Lorenzo.

2/7 Lorenzo and Balthazar plan to hasten Pedringano's execution, so Pedringano won't have a chance to implicate them. Lorenzo sends the Page to Pedringano with a box, supposedly containing a pardon.

2/8 The Page looks in the box and finds no pardon in it.

2/9 Hieronimo condemns Pedringano to death for murder. Pedringano expects a last-minute pardon and jokes with the Hangman. but he is hanged.

2/10 Isabella goes mad with grief over the death of Horatio.

2/11 Bel-imperia laments her captivity.

2/12 CHORUS. The Ghost of Andrea is still impatient. Revenge promises he shall be revenged when the time is ripe.

3/1 The Hangman brings Hieronimo a letter from Pedringano to Lorenzo, which names Lorenzo and Balthazar as the murderers of Horatio. Hieronimo decides to go to the King for justice.

3/2 Lorenzo releases Bel-imperia and tries to explain his actions to her. But she rejects his explanation and Balthazar's renewed courtship.

3/3 Hieronimo wanders the streets, still insane with grief.

3/4 Hieronimo contemplates suicide, then tries to bring his complaint to the King, but Lorenzo prevents him.

3/5 Hieronimo considers leaving revenge to heaven. He is interrupted by four citizens, including Old Bazulto, who ask for his help. Hieronimo's madness returns, and he mistakes Bazulto for the ghost of Horatio. He finally decides to take his revenge in a patient, subtle way, and meanwhile to conceal his anger.

3/6 The King greets the Viceroy of Portugal, who has come for the wedding. Castile accuses Lorenzo of antagonizing Hieronimo. Lorenzo denies this. Hieronimo is sent for and pretends to have no quarrel with anyone.

3/7 CHORUS. The Ghost is fooled by Hieronimo's trick and thinks Hieronimo and Lorenzo are friends. Revenge shows him a dumb-show that convinces him his revenge is near.

4/1 Bel-imperia chides Hieronimo for not taking revenge, then joins him in his plot. Hieronimo enlists Lorenzo, Balthazar and Bel-imperia to play in a tragedy he has written.

4/2 Isabella kills herself.

4/3 Hieronimo makes last-minute preparations for the play. The noble audience arrives, and the play begins. Hieronimo kills Lorenzo. Bel-imperia kills Balthazar and herself. Hieronimo makes a final speech, then kills Castile and himself. The King and the Viceroy mourn their losses.

4/4 CHORUS. The Ghost summarizes the deaths and tells how his enemies and friends should be treated in the Underworld.

PROLOGUE

House lights stay on. Enter Thomas Kyd

THOMAS KYD

Ladies and gentlemen, good evening, and welcome to --- Theater.

My name is Thomas Kyd. I died in 1594, but I've been haunting theatres ever since.

I am the author of the play you are about to see.

Now, before we go any further, I'd better remind you of some of the house rules. Needless to say, there is no smoking. Which brings us to the subject of fire exits. Etc, etc.

Also, I'm told that there are now such things as "mobile phones", which occasionally make unpleasant noises during performances.

Draws sword

I suggest that you turn yours off, now.

Pause

Please don't expect anything profound or subtle in tonight's play. It's a simple tale of revenge. A man's son is murdered, he puzzles over what to do, he finally gets his revenge. That's it. Last night I saw a brand-new film with very nearly the same plot.

Please pay attention, because I shall now introduce the principal characters.

The Characters enter. As each is introduced, he steps forward, in character

His Majesty, The King of Spain.

His brother, the Duke of Castile.

The Duke's son, Lorenzo. A nasty piece of goods. Keep an eye on him.

The Duke's daughter, our heroine, the beautiful and clever Bel-imperia.

Next, our tragic hero, Hieronimo, the Knight-Marshal of Spain, who serves as a judge and also arranges entertainments for the Royal Court.

Hieronimo's wife, Isabella.

Hieronimo's son, the brave Horatio.

The General of the Spanish army.

The Viceroy of Portugal.

The Viceroy's son, Balthazar. Not a bad soldier, but a ridiculous lover. Villain number two.

The Portuguese Ambassador to the Spanish Court.

Don Bazulto, an old man.

Bel-imperia's servant, Pedringano. Do not trust him under any circumstances.

Balthazar's servant, Serberine.

Lorenzo's Page.

The Hangman.

The Ghost of Don Andrea.

And I myself shall play The Spirit of Revenge.

The GHOST hands him a black robe with hood, which he puts on. All exit except GHOST and REVENGE. House lights go down

ACT I, SCENE 1

CHORUS. *The GHOST of Andrea describes his death and journey to the Underworld.*

GHOST

When this eternal substance of my soul
Did live imprisoned in my wanton flesh,
Each in their function serving other's need,
I was a courtier in the Spanish Court.
My name was Don Andrea. My descent,
Though not ignoble, yet inferior far
To a certain dame – the sweet Bel-imperia,
Niece of the King and daughter of the Duke.
By duteous service and deserving love,
In secret I possessed that worthy dame.
But in the harvest of my summer joys
Death's winter nipped the blossoms of my bliss,
Forcing divorce betwixt my love and me.
For in the late conflict with Portugal,
My valour drew me into danger's mouth,
Till life to death made passage through my wounds.
When I was slain, my soul descended straight
To pass the flowing stream of Acheron,
The entrance to the gloomy Underworld.
In keeping on my way to Pluto's court,
Through dreadful shades of ever-glooming night,
I saw more sights than thousand tongues can tell
Or pens can write or mortal hearts can think,
Where bloody Furies shake their whips of steel,
And poor Ixion turns an endless wheel,
Where usurers are choked with melting gold,
And wantons are embraced with ugly snakes,
And murderers groan with never-killing wounds,
And all foul sins with torments overwhelmed.
I finally reached the fair Elysian green,
In midst of which there stands a stately tower,
The walls of brass, the gates of adamant.
Here, finding Pluto with his Proserpine,
I showed myself and humbled on my knee.
Whereat fair Proserpine began to smile,
And begged that only she might seal my fate.
Forthwith, Revenge, she whispered in your ear,
And bade you lead me though the gates of hell,
Where dreams have passage in the silent night.
No sooner had she spoke but we were here,
I know not how, in the twinkling of an eye.

REVENGE

Then know, Andrea, that you've arrived
Where you shall see the author of your death,
Don Balthazar, the Prince of Portugal,
Be deprived of life by Bel-imperia.
Here sit we down to see the mystery,
And serve for Chorus in this tragedy.

GHOST and REVENGE remain on stage throughout play

ACT I, SCENE 2

The GENERAL describes to the King the Spanish victory over the Portuguese. Arrangements are made for the captivity (and entertainment) of BALTHAZAR.

The Spanish Court.
Enter KING, GENERAL,
CASTILE, HIERONIMO, etc

KING
But what portends your cheerful countenance
And marching to our presence in such haste?
Speak, man: has fortune given us victory?

GENERAL
Victory, my King, and that with little loss.

KING
The Portuguese will pay us tribute then?

GENERAL
Tribute, and the usual homage besides.

KING
Then blessed be Heaven, and Guider of the heavens,
From whose fair influence such justice flows!
But, General, unfold in brief discourse
Your form of battle and your war's success.

GENERAL
Where Spain and Portugal do jointly knit
Their frontiers, our armies met in proud array,
Both furnished well, both full of hope and fear,
Both cheerly sounding trumpets, drums and fifes,
Both raising dreadful clamours to the sky.
But ere we joined and came to push of pike,
I brought a squadron of our keenest shots
From our rear ranks to begin the fight.
They brought another wing to counter us.
Thick storms of bullets rained like winter's hail,
And shivered lances dark'd the troubled air.
On every side dropped captains to the ground,
And soldiers, some ill-maimed, some slain outright.
Here fell a body sundered from his head,
There legs and arms lay bleeding on the grass.
In all this turmoil, three long hours and more,
The victory to neither side inclined,
Till Don Andrea, with his brave lancers,
Made so great a breach in their formation,
That, half-dismayed, their multitude withdrew.
But Balthazar, the Portuguese young Prince,
Brought rescue and encouraged them to stay.
And in that conflict was Andrea slain.
Yet while the Prince exulted over him,
Rode forth Horatio, our Knight-Marshal's son
(Friendship and hardy valour joined in one)
Hieronimo reacts to news of his son
To challenge forth that Prince in single fight,
And straight the Prince was beaten from his horse
And forced to yield him prisoner to his foe.
When he was taken, all the rest, they fled.
Our musketeers pursued them to the death.

KING
Thanks, good Lord General, for this good news!
And, as a token of yet more to come,
Take this and wear it for your Sovereign's sake.
Gives him his chain
But tell me now: have you confirmed a peace?

GENERAL
Peace and more, my Liege: if tribute be well paid,
The fury of your forces will be stayed.
And to this peace their Viceroy has subscribed,
Gives the KING a paper
And made a solemn vow that during life
His tribute shall be truly paid to Spain.

KING
These words, these deeds become your person well.
[To Hieronimo] But now, Knight-Marshal, be joyous
with your King,
For 'tis your son that wins this battle's prize.

HIERONIMO
Long may he live to serve my Sovereign Liege!

A trumpet far off

KING
What is the meaning of this trumpet call?

GENERAL
It tells me that your Grace's men of war
(Such as war's fortune has reserved from death)
Come marching on towards your royal seat,
To show themselves before your Majesty.

The army enters, BALTHAZAR between
LORENZO and HORATIO, captive

KING
A gladsome sight! I'm pleased to see them here.
Army forms before the KING
Is that the warlike Prince of Portugal
That by our nephew is in triumph held?

GENERAL
It is, my Liege, the Prince of Portugal.

KING
But who is he that on the other side
Holds him by the arm as partner of the prize?

HIERONIMO
That is my son, my gracious Sovereign,
Of whom my thoughts did never hope but well.
He never pleased his father so till now,
Nor filled my heart with such overwhelming joys.

KING
And now it pleases us to confer and talk
With our brave prisoner and his double guard.
Hieronimo, it greatly pleases us
That in our victory you have a share
By virtue of your worthy son's exploit.
Bring hither the young Prince of Portugal!
The rest march on, but, ere they be dismissed,
We will bestow on every soldier
Two ducats, and on every leader ten,
That they may know our kingly gratitude.
Army cheers. Exit all the army but BALTHAZAR, LORENZO, and HORATIO
Welcome, Don Balthazar! Welcome nephew!
And you, Horatio, you are welcome too!
Young Prince, although your father's hard misdeeds
In keeping back the tribute that he owes
Deserve but evil measure at our hands,
Yet you shall know that Spain's hospitable.

BALTHAZAR
The trespass that my father made in peace
Is now controlled by fortune of the wars,
And cards once dealt, it boots not ask why so.
His men are slain, a weakening to his realm.
His colours seized, a blot unto his name.
His son distressed, corrosive to his heart.
These punishments may clear his late offence.

KING
Aye, Balthazar, if he observe this truce,
Our peace will grow the stronger for these wars.
Meanwhile you'll live, though not in liberty,
Yet free from bearing any servile yoke,
For in our hearing your exploits were great.
And you are passing gracious in our sight.

BALTHAZAR
And I shall study to deserve this grace.

KING
But tell me (for their holding makes me doubt),
To which of these two are you prisoner?

LORENZO
To me, my Liege.

HORATIO
To me, my Sovereign.

LORENZO
This hand first took his war horse by the reins.

HORATIO
But first my lance did knock him from his horse.

LORENZO
I seized his weapon and enjoyed it first.

HORATIO
But first I forced him lay his weapons down.

KING
Let go his arm, you two, by my command.
They let him go
Say, worthy Prince, to which one did you yield?

BALTHAZAR
Points first to Lorenzo, then to Horatio
To him in courtesy, to him by force.
He promised life, this other threatened death.
And truth to say I yield myself to both.

KING
Will both of you accept my judgement?

LORENZO
I want no better than your Grace awards.

HORATIO
Nor I, even if I must forego my right.

KING
Then by judgement thus your strife shall end:
You both deserve and both shall have reward.
Nephew, you took his weapons and his horse:
His weapons and his horse are your reward.
Horatio, you did force him first to yield:
His ransom therefore is your valour's fee.
And that just reward may fit your merit,
To you we yield the armour of the Prince.
But, nephew, you shall keep the Prince in guard,
For your estate best matches such a guest --
Horatio's house is small for all his train.
How likes Don Balthazar this judgement?

BALTHAZAR
Right well, my Liege, with this proviso:
That Don Horatio bear us company,
Whom I admire and love for chivalry.

KING
Horatio, leave him not that loves you so.
Now let us hence, to see our soldiers paid,
And feast our prisoner as our friendly guest.
All exit

ACT I, SCENE 3

HORATIO describes Andrea's death to BEL-IMPERIA. BALTHAZAR tries to court her, but she rejects him.

CASTILE's house.
Enter Horatio and Bel-imperia

BEL-IMPERIA
Señor Horatio, this is the place and hour

In which I must entreat you to relate
The circumstance of Don Andrea's death.
He, living, was my garland's sweetest flower,
And his sad death has buried my delights.

HORATIO
For love of him and service to yourself,
I'll not refuse this heavy doleful charge,
Yet tears and sighs, I fear, will hinder me.
When both our armies were enjoined in fight,
Your worthy cavalier, amidst the thickest,
Was at the last by young Don Balthazar
Encountered hand-to-hand. Their fight was long,
Their hearts were great, their clamours menacing,
Their strength alike, their strokes both dangerous.
But a fresh troop of Portuguese pikemen
Came on the scene and killed Andrea's horse,
Then young Don Balthazar, with ruthless rage,
Taking advantage of his foe's distress,
Did finish what his pikemen had begun,
And left not till Andrea's life was done.
Then, though too late, incensed with just remorse,
I with my band set forth against the Prince,
And brought him prisoner back to our lines.

BEL-IMPERIA
If only you had slain him, who slew my love!
But then was Don Andrea's body lost?

HORATIO
No, it was that for which I chiefly strove,
Nor stepped I back till I recovered him.
I took him up, and wound him in my arms,
And brought him back and dewed him with my tears,
But neither friendly sorrow, sighs nor tears
Could win pale Death from his unhappy right.
I saw him honoured with due funeral.
This scarf I plucked from off his lifeless arm,
And wear it in remembrance of my friend.

BEL-IMPERIA
I know the scarf -- would he had kept it still,
And worn it for his Bel-imperia's sake!
For t'was my favour at his last farewell.
But now you wear it both for him and me.
For, after him, you have deserved it best.
But, for your kindness in his life and death,
Be sure, while Bel-imperia's life endures,
She will be Don Horatio's thankful friend.

HORATIO
And, Madam, Don Horatio will not slack
Humbly to serve fair Bel-imperia.
But now I'll ask your pardon to seek the Prince,
For so the Duke, your father, gave me charge.
Horatio exits

BEL-IMPERIA
Aye, go, Horatio, leave me here alone,
For solitude best fits my cheerless mood.
Had you not loved Andrea as you did,
You could not sit in Bel-imperia's thoughts.
But how can love find harbour in my breast,
Till I revenge the death of my beloved?
Yes, second love shall further my revenge:
I'll love Horatio, my Andrea's friend,
The more to spite the Prince that wrought his end.
For Balthazar now pleads his love to me.
He shall, in rigour of my just disdain,
Reap long repentance for his murderous deed,
For what else was it but murderous cowardice,
So many to attack one valiant knight,
Without respect of honour in the fight?
And here he comes that murdered my delight.

Enter LORENZO and BALTHAZAR

LORENZO
Sister, what means this melancholy walk?

BEL-IMPERIA
That for a while I wish no company.

LORENZO
But here the Prince is come to visit you.

BEL-IMPERIA
That argues that he lives in liberty.

BALTHAZAR
No, madam, but in pleasing servitude.

BEL-IMPERIA
Your prison then, perhaps, is in your head.

BALTHAZAR
Nay, by my heart my freedom is enslaved.

BEL-IMPERIA
Then with head and heart release yourself again.

BALTHAZAR
What if my love has pawned my heart as pledge?

BEL-IMPERIA
Pay what you borrowed, and recover it.

BALTHAZAR
I'd die if it returned from where it lies.

BEL-IMPERIA
A heartless man, alive? A miracle!

BALTHAZAR
Aye, lady, love can work such miracles.

LORENZO
Tush, tush, my Lord! Leave off this word play,

And in plain terms acquaint her with your love.

BEL-IMPERIA
What boots complaint, when there's no remedy?

BALTHAZAR
Yes, to your gracious self must I complain,
In whose fair answer lies my remedy,
On whose perfection all my thoughts attend,
On whose aspect mine eyes find beauty's bower,
In whose translucent breast my heart is lodged.

BEL-IMPERIA
Alas, my Lord! These are but words of course,
And but a means to drive me from this place.

She, going in, lets fall her glove,
which HORATIO, coming out, takes up

HORATIO
Madame, your glove.

BEL-IMPERIA
Thanks, good Horatio. Take it for your pains.

She exits

BALTHAZAR
Señor Horatio stooped in happy time!

HORATIO
I reaped more grace that I deserved or hoped.

LORENZO *[to Balthazar]*
My Lord, be not dismayed for what is past.
You know that women oft are changeable.
These clouds will blow away with little wind.
Leave it to me, I'll scatter them myself.
Meanwhile, let us arrange to spend the time
In some delightful sports and revelling.

HORATIO
The King, my Lords, is coming hither straight
To feast the Portuguese Ambassador.
Things were in readiness before I came.

BALTHAZAR
Then here it fits us to attend the King,
To welcome hither our Ambassador,
And learn my father's and my country's health.

Trumpets. Enter the banquet,
KING, CASTILE and AMBASSADOR

KING
See, Lord Ambassador, how Spain regards
Their prisoner Balthazar, your Viceroy's son.
We pleasure more in kindness than in wars.

AMBASSADOR
Sad is our King, and Portugal laments,
Supposing that Don Balthazar is slain.

BALTHAZAR
[aside] So I am, slain by beauty's tyranny!
[To Ambassador] You see, my Lord, how Balthazar is slain:
I frolic with the Duke of Castile's son,
Wrapped every hour in pleasures of the Court,
And graced with favours of his Majesty.

KING
Put off your greetings till our feast be done.
Now come and sit with us, and taste our cheer.
Come now, young Prince, you are our second guest.
Brother and nephew, come and take your places.
Señor Horatio, come and wait upon our cup,
For well you have deserved to be honoured.
Now, lordlings, come in: Spain is Portugal,
And Portugal is Spain. We both are friends,
Tribute is paid, and we enjoy our right.
But welcome are you to the best we have.

All exit

ACT I, SCENE 4

CHORUS. *REVENGE soothes the GHOST's impatience.*

GHOST
We came for this from depth of underground?
To see him feast that gave me my death's wound?
These pleasant sights are sorrow to my soul:
Nothing but comfort, love and banqueting!

REVENGE
Be still, Andrea. Before we go from here,
I'll turn their friendship into cruel contempt,
Their love to mortal hate, their day to night,
Their hope into despair, their peace to war,
Their joys to pain, their bliss to misery.

ACT II, SCENE 1

PEDRINGANO reveals to LORENZO and BALTHAZAR that BEL-IMPERIA loves HORATIO.

CASTILE's house.
Enter LORENZO and BALTHAZAR

LORENZO
My Lord, though Bel-imperia seems so coy,
Let reason keep you in your usual joy.
In time the savage bull sustains the yoke,
In time all wild hawks will fly to bait,
In time small wedges cleave the hardest oak.
And she in time will fall from her disdain,
And regret your suffering and friendly pain.

BALTHAZAR
No, she is wilder, and more hard besides,
Than beast or bird, or tree or stony wall!
But why do I blot Bel-imperia's name?
It is my fault, not she, that merits blame.
My features are not to content her sight.
My words are rude and work her no delight.
My presents are not of sufficient cost,
And, being worthless, all my labour's lost.

LORENZO
My Lord, for my sake leave these frenzied thoughts,
And doubt not but we'll find some remedy.
Some cause there is that lets you not be loved.
First that cause must be known, and then removed.
What if my sister love some other knight?

BALTHAZAR
My summer's day will turn to winter's night.

LORENZO
I have already found a stratagem
To sound the bottom of this uncertainty.
My Lord, for once you shall be ruled by me.
Hinder me not whatever you hear or see.
By force or fair means will I cast about
To find the truth of all this question out.
Ho, Pedringano!

Enter PEDRINGANO

PEDRINGANO
Hath your Lordship any service to command me?

LORENZO
Aye, Pedringano, service of import.
And, not to spend the time in trifling words,
Thus stands the case: it is not long, you know,
Since I did shield you from my father's wrath
For the help you gave to Andrea's love.
I stood betwixt you and your punishment.
Now, to these favours will I add reward,
Not with fair words, but store of golden coin,
If you but satisfy my just demand.
Tell truth and have me for your lasting friend.

PEDRINGANO
Whatever it be your Lordship shall demand,
My bounden duty bids me tell the truth,
[Aside] Supposing it lie in me to tell the truth.

LORENZO
Then, Pedringano, this is my demand:
My sister Bel-imperia, whom does she love?
For I know she puts all her trust in you.
Speak, man, and gain both friendship and reward.
I mean, whom loves she in Andrea's place?

PEDRINGANO
Alas, my Lord, since Don Andrea's death
I have no credit with her as before,
And therefore know not if she love or no.

LORENZO
Nay, if you dally, then I am your foe,
And fear shall force what friendship cannot win.
Draws his sword
Your death shall bury what your life conceals.
You'll die for more esteeming her than me!

PEDRINGANO
Oh stay, my Lord!

LORENZO
Yet speak the truth, and I will reward you
And shield you from whatever can ensue,
And will conceal whatever you tell me.
But, if you dally once again, you die!

PEDRINGANO
If Madam Bel-imperia be in love—

LORENZO
What, villain! Ifs and buts?

PEDRINGANO
Oh stay, my Lord! She loves Horatio!
BALTHAZAR starts back

LORENZO
What! Don Horatio, our Knight-Marshal's son?

PEDRINGANO
Even him, my Lord.

LORENZO
Now say how you know that he is her love,
And you shall find me kind and liberal.
Stand up, I say, and fearless tell the truth.

PEDRINGANO
She sent him letters, which I myself perused,
Full-fraught with lines and arguments of love,
Preferring him before Prince Balthazar.

LORENZO
Holds out sword hilt, shaped like cross
Swear on this cross that what you say is true,
And that you will conceal what you have told.

PEDRINGANO
I swear to both, by Him that made us all.

LORENZO
In hope your oath is true, here's your reward.
Gives him a purse
But, if I prove you perjured and unjust,
This very sword whereon you took your oath
Shall be the worker of your tragedy.

PEDRINGANO
What I have said is true, and shall, by me,
Be still concealed from Bel-imperia.
Besides, your Honor's liberality
Deserves my duteous service even till death.

LORENZO
Here's one more thing that you shall do for me:
Be watchful when and where these lovers meet,
And give me notice in some secret way.

PEDRINGANO
I will, my Lord.

LORENZO
You know that I can more advance your state
Then she: be therefore wise and fail me not.
Go and attend her as your custom is,
Lest absence make her think you're doing amiss.
Exit PEDRINGANO
Where words prevail not, violence prevails.
But gold does more than either of them both.
How likes Prince Balthazar this stratagem?

BALTHAZAR
Both well and ill, it makes me glad and sad.
Glad, that I know the hinderer of my love.
Sad, that I fear she hates me whom I love.
Glad, that I know on whom to be revenged.
Sad, that she'll flee me if I take revenge.
Yet must I take revenge or die myself,
For love resisted grows impatient.
I think Horatio be my destined plague:
At first he captured me, then stole my love.
But in his fall I'll tempt the Destinies,
And either lose my life or win my love.

LORENZO
Let's go, my Lord. Our staying stays revenge.
Do but follow me, and gain your love.
Her favour must be won by his remove.
All exit

ACT II, SCENE 2

HORATIO and BEL-IMPERIA plan a romantic tryst, but they are spied on by LORENZO, BALTHAZAR and PEDRINGANO.

CASTILE's house.
Enter HORATIO and BEL-IMPERIA, below.
Enter PEDRINGANO, BALTHAZAR and LORENZO, stealthily, above

HORATIO
Now, Madam, since by favour of your love
Our hidden smoke is turned to open flame,
Why show you signs of inward misery?

BEL-IMPERIA
My heart, sweet friend, is like a ship at sea:
She seeks a port, where, riding all at ease,
She may repair what stormy times have worn.
Possession of your love is the only port
In which my heart, with fears and hopes long tossed,
Can stop to mend the joys that it has lost,
And, sitting safe, to sing in Cupid's choir
That sweetest bliss is crown of love's desire.

BALTHAZAR *[above]*
O sleep, my eyes! See not my love profaned!
Be deaf, my ears! Hear not my discontent!
Die, my heart! Another enjoys what you deserve!

LORENZO
Watch, my eyes, to see this love destroyed!
Hear, my ears, to hear them both lament!
Live, my heart, to enjoy Horatio's fall!

BEL-IMPERIA
Why stands Horatio speechless all this while?

HORATIO
The less I speak, the more I meditate.

BEL-IMPERIA
But on what do you chiefly meditate?

HORATIO
On dangers past and pleasures to ensue.

BALTHAZAR
On pleasures past and dangers to ensue!

BEL-IMPERIA
What dangers and what pleasures do you mean?

HORATIO
Dangers of war and pleasures of our love.

LORENZO
Dangers of death, but pleasures none at all!

BEL-IMPERIA
Let dangers go. Your war shall be with me,
But such a war as breaks no bond of peace.
Speak your fair words, I'll cross them with fair words.
Send your sweet looks, I'll meet them with sweet looks.
Write loving lines, I'll answer loving lines.
Give me a kiss, I'll countercheck your kiss.
Be this our warring peace, or peaceful war.

HORATIO
But, gracious Madam, then appoint the field
Where trial of this war shall first be made.

BALTHAZAR
Ambitious villain, how his boldness grows!

BEL-IMPERIA
Let the field be your father's pleasant bower,
Where I once walked with you and Andrea.
The Court is dangerous, that place is safe.
Our hour shall be when Vesper bells shall toll.
There none shall hear us but the harmless birds.
Till then, each hour will seem a year and more.

HORATIO
But, honey-sweet and honourable love,
Return we now into your father's sight.
Dangerous suspicion waits on our delight.
HORATIO and BEL-IMPERIA exit

LORENZO
Aye, danger mixed with jealous, vengeful spite
Shall send your soul into eternal night!
My Lord, your servant Serberine
Is just the man to help us in our scheme.
All exit

ACT II, SCENE 3

The KING and CASTILE plan a marriage between BALTHAZAR and BEL-IMPERIA.

The Spanish court.
Enter KING, AMBASSADOR, CASTILE, etc.

KING
Brother of Castile, what says your daughter
Bel-imperia to the Prince's love?

CASTILE
Although she's coy now, as becomes her sex,
And still denies that she does love the Prince,
I doubt not that she will change in time,
And in this she will follow my advice,
Which is to love him or forego my love.

KING
Then, Lord Ambassador of Portugal,
Advise your King to make this marriage up
To strengthen our newly-formed alliance.
I know no better means to make us friends.
Her dowry shall be large and liberal,
Besides that, she is daughter and half heir
Of our brother here, the Duke of Castile,
And shall inherit half his widespread lands,
I'll grace her marriage with an uncle's gift,
And this is it: when the match is solemnised,
The tribute which you paid shall be returned,
And, if by Balthazar she has a son,
He shall enjoy the kingdom after us.

AMBASSADOR
I'll make the motion to my Sovereign Liege,
And work it if my counsel may prevail.

KING
Do so, my Lord, and, if he give consent,
I hope his presence here will honour us
In celebration of the wedding day.

AMBASSADOR
Wilt please your Grace command me ought beside?

KING
Commend me to the King. And so, farewell!

AMBASSADOR
Farewell, my Lord of Castile, and the rest!
AMBASSADOR exits

KING
Now, brother, you must take some little pains
To win fair Bel-imperia from her will.
Young virgins must be ruled by family.
The Prince is amiable, and loves her well.
If she neglect him and forego his love,
She both will wrong her own estate and ours.
Therefore, while I do entertain the Prince
With greatest pleasure that our Court affords,
Endeavour you to win your daughter's thought.
If she refuse, all this will come to naught.

All exit

ACT II, SCENE 4

HORATIO and BEL-IMPERIA meet to make love. LORENZO, BALTHAZAR, PEDRINGANO and SERBERINE murder HORATIO and abduct BEL-IMPERIA. HIERONIMO and ISABELLA find the body.

HIERONIMO's garden.
Enter HORATIO, BEL-IMPERIA, and PEDRINGANO

HORATIO
Now that the night begins with sable wings
To over-cloud the brightness of the sun,
And that in darkness pleasures may be done,
Come, Bel-imperia, let us to the bower,
And there in safety pass a pleasant hour.

BEL-IMPERIA
I follow you, my love, and will not waver,
My feelings overmatch my fainting heart.

HORATIO
Why, do you doubt of Pedringano's faith?

BEL-IMPERIA
No, he is as trusty as my second self.
Go, Pedringano, watch without the gate,
And let us know if anyone approach.

PEDRINGANO *[aside]*
Instead of watching, I'll deserve more gold
By fetching Don Lorenzo to this match.
Exit PEDRINGANO

HORATIO
What means my love?

BEL-IMPERIA
I know not what, myself.
And yet my heart foretells me some mischance.

HORATIO
Sweet, say not so. Fair Fortune is our friend,
And heavens have shut up day to pleasure us.
The stars, you see, hold back their twinkling shine
And the moon hides herself to pleasure us.

BEL-IMPERIA
You have prevailed. I'll conquer all my doubt,
And in your love and counsel drown my fear.
I fear no more, love now is all my thoughts!
Why sit we not, for pleasure asks for ease?

HORATIO
The more you sit within these leafy bowers,
The more will Flora deck it with her flowers.

BEL-IMPERIA
Aye, but, if Flora spy Horatio here,
Her jealous eye will think I sit too near.

HORATIO
Hark, Madam, how the birds do sing by night,
For joy that Bel-imperia sits in sight!

BEL-IMPERIA
No, Cupid counterfeits the nightingale,
To make sweet music for Horatio's tale.

HORATIO
If Cupid sing, then Venus is not far.
Aye, you are Venus, or some fairer star!

BEL-IMPERIA
If I be Venus, then you must be Mars.
And where Mars reigns, there must be fervent wars.

HORATIO
Then let's begin our wars: put forth your hand,
That it may combat with my ruder hand.

BEL-IMPERIA
Set forth your foot to try the push of mine.

HORATIO
But, first, my looks shall combat against you.

BEL-IMPERIA
Then guard yourself! I dart this kiss at you.

HORATIO
Thus I return the dart you threw at me!

BEL-IMPERIA
Nay then, to gain the glory of the field,
My twining arms shall seize and make you yield.

HORATIO
Nay then, my arms are large, and strong withal.
Thus elms by vines are compassed till they fall.

BEL-IMPERIA
O, let me go, for in my troubled eyes
Now you may read that life in passion dies!

HORATIO
O, stay awhile, and I will die with you.
So shall you yield, and yet have conquered, too.

BEL-IMPERIA
Whose there? Pedringano? We are betrayed!

Enter LORENZO, BALTHAZAR,
SERBERINE, PEDRINGANO, disguised.
BALTHAZAR seizes BEL-IMPERIA,
the others attack HORATIO

LORENZO
My Lord, away with her! Take her aside!
[To Horatio] O sir, forbear, your valour's already tried.
Quickly dispatch, you men!

They prepare to hang him in the arbour

HORATIO
What, will you murder me?

LORENZO
Aye, thus! and thus! These are the fruits of love!

They stab him, then hang him

BEL-IMPERIA
O, save his life, and let me die for him!
O, save him, brother! save him, Balthazar!
I loved Horatio, but he loved not me.

BALTHAZAR
But Balthazar loves Bel-imperia.

LORENZO
Although his life were still ambitious, proud,
Yet is he at the highest now he's dead.

BEL-IMPERIA
Murder! Murder! Help! Hieronimo, help!

LORENZO
Come, stop her mouth! Away with her!

All exit
Enter HIERONIMO in his nightshirt

HIERONIMO
What outcry plucked me from my naked bed,
And chills my throbbing heart with trembling fear?
Who calls Hieronimo? Speak, here I am!
But stay! what murderous spectacle is this?
A man hanged up, and all the murderers gone!
This place was made for pleasure not for death.
He cuts him down
Those garments that he wears I oft have seen, --
Alas! It is Horatio, my sweet son!
O, was it you that called me from my bed?
O, speak, if any spark of life remain!
I am your father. Who has slain my son?
What savage monster, not of human kind,
Has here been glutted with your harmless blood,
And left your bloody corpse dishonoured here?
O heavens, why made you night, to cover sin?
By day this deed of darkness had not been.
O earth, why did you not in time devour
The vile profaner of this sacred bower?
O poor Horatio, what had you done
To lose your life ere life was fair begun?
O wicked butcher, whoever you are,
How could you strangle virtue and kindness?
Ah me, most wretched! that have lost my joy
In losing Horatio, my sweet boy!

Enter ISABELLA

ISABELLA
My husband's absence makes my heart to throb.
Hieronimo!

HIERONIMO
Here, Isabella. Help me to lament,
For sighs are stopped, and all my tears are spent.

ISABELLA
What world of grief--? My son Horatio!
O where's the author of this endless woe?

HIERONIMO
To know the author were some ease of grief,
For in revenge my heart would find relief.

ISABELLA
Then is he gone? And is my son gone too?
O, gush out, tears! Fountains and floods of tears!
Blow, sighs, and raise an everlasting storm,
For outrage fits our cursed wretchedness.

HIERONIMO
Sweet lovely rose, ill plucked before your time!
Fair, worthy son, not conquered, but betrayed!
I'll kiss you now, for words with tears are stained.

ISABELLA
And I'll close up the glasses of his sight,
For once these eyes were always my delight.

HIERONIMO
D'you see this handkerchief besmeared with blood?
It shall not part from me till I take revenge.
D'you see those wounds that yet are bleeding fresh?
I'll not entomb them till I have revenged.
Then will I joy amidst my discontent,
Till then, my sorrow never shall be spent.

ISABELLA
The heavens are just, murder cannot be hid.
Time is the author of both truth and right,
And time will bring this treachery to light.

HIERONIMO
Meanwhile, good Isabella, cease your plaints,
Or, at the least, conceal them for awhile.
So shall we sooner find the secret out,
And learn by whom all this was brought about.
Come, Isabella, now let us take him up.
They take him up
And bear him in from out this cursèd place.
They bear the body away

ACT II, SCENE 5

HIERONIMO, mad with grief, wanders near CASTILE's house. BEL-IMPERIA, still captive, throws a letter to him out the window. He reads it and tries to see BEL-IMPERIA, but LORENZO and PEDRINGANO tell him she isn't there. LORENZO suspects SERBERINE of telling HIERONIMO who murdered HORATIO. LORENZO and PEDRINGANO plot to murder SERBERINE.

Near CASTILE's house.
Enter HIERONIMO

HIERONIMO
Oh eyes! Not eyes but fountains filled with tears.
Oh life! Not life, but lively form of death.
Oh world! No world, but mass of public wrongs,
Confused and filled with murder and misdeeds.
Oh sacred Heavens, if this unhallowed deed,
If this inhumane and barbarous attack,
If this incomparable murder thus
Shall pass unrevealed and unrevenged,
How can we think your dealings to be just,
If you unjustly deal with those that in your justice trust?

The ugly fiends do sally forth from hell,
And steer my steps to unfrequented paths,
And frame my heart with fierce inflamèd thoughts,
And drive me forth to seek the murderer.
Eyes, life, world, heavens, hell, night and day,
See, search, show, send, someone, some means, that may--
He has wandered near CASTILE's house. A cloaked figure (BEL-IMPERIA) runs onto the balcony, drops a letter at his feet and disappears inside
What's here? A letter? Tush, it is not so!
A letter for Hieronimo.
[Reads] "For want of ink receive this writ in blood.
My cruel brother has hidden me from you.
Revenge yourself on Balthazar and him,
For these were the ones who murdered your son.
Hieronimo, revenge Horatio's death,
And fare better then Bel-imperia does!"
What means this unexpected miracle?
My son slain by Lorenzo and the Prince?
What cause had they to hate Horatio?
Hieronimo, beware! You are betrayed,
And to entrap your life this snare is laid.
Be careful therefore, be not credulous.
This is devised to endanger you,
If I accuse Lorenzo without proof,
My life's in question and my name's in hate.
I'll try to meet with Bel-imperia
And thus confirm this note. Here's the Duke's house.

Enter PEDRINGANO

Now, Pedringano!

PEDRINGANO
Now, Hieronimo!

HIERONIMO
Where's your lady?

PEDRINGANO
I know not. Here's my Lord.

Enter LORENZO

LORENZO
How now, who's this? Hieronimo?

HIERONIMO
My Lord.

PEDRINGANO *[To Lorenzo]*
He asked me for my lady Bel-imperia.

LORENZO
What to do, Hieronimo? The Duke my father has
Upon some scandal removed her hence awhile,
But if there be ought I may inform her of,
Tell me, Hieronimo, and I'll let her know it.

HIERONIMO
Oh, no, my Lord, I dare not, it must not be.
I humbly thank your Lordship.

LORENZO
Why then, farewell!

HIERONIMO
[Aside] No tongue can tell my grief in heart.
Exit Hieronimo

LORENZO
This sly enquiry of Hieronimo
For Bel-imperia, breeds suspicion.
Come hither, Pedringano, do you see this?

PEDRINGANO
My Lord, I see it, and suspect it too.

LORENZO
This is that damned villain Serberine,
That hath, I fear, revealed Horatio's death.

PEDRINGANO
My Lord, he could not. 'Twas so lately done,
And since, he has not left my company.

LORENZO
But fear or flattery may make him false.
I repent I used him in this enterprise.
But, Pedringano, to prevent the worst,
And 'cause I know you're secret as my soul,
Take this!
Gives him more gold
And hearken to me. Thus it is devised:
This night you must (and prithee so resolve)
Meet Serberine in St. Luigi's Park.
(You know 'tis here, hard by, behind the house.)
There take your stand, and see you strike him sure,
For die he must, if we do mean to live.

PEDRINGANO
But how shall Serberine be there, my Lord?

LORENZO
Leave that to me, I'll send him there to meet
The Prince and me where you must do this deed.

PEDRINGANO
It shall be done, my Lord, it shall be done.
And I'll go arm myself to meet him there.

LORENZO
When things shall alter, as I hope they will,
Then shall you rise for this, you know my mind.
Exit PEDRINGANO
Boy!
Enter PAGE

PAGE
My Lord.

LORENZO
Go, sirra,
To Serberine at once, and bid him meet
The Prince and me at St. Luigi's Park,
Behind the house, this evening, boy.

PAGE
I go, my Lord.

LORENZO
But, sirra, let the hour be eight o-clock.
Bid him not fail.

PAGE
I fly, my Lord.

PAGE exits

LORENZO
To finalize the plot that I have cast,
I'll tell the watch, as if on orders from the King,
To strongly guard the place where Pedringano
This night shall murder hapless Serberine.
And thus one crime another must expel.
And better 'tis that low-bred fellows die
Than by their living hazard our good luck.
Nor shall they live for me to fear their trust.
I'll trust myself, myself shall be my friend.
For die they shall. How else are slaves to end?

Exit

ACT II, SCENE 6

PEDRINGANO murders SERBERINE, but is arrested by the WATCH, who have been alerted by LORENZO.

San Luigi's Park.
Enter THREE WATCHMEN

FIRST WATCHMAN
I wonder what it is we're charged to watch.

SECOND WATCHMAN
It's by commandment in the King's own name.

THIRD WATCHMAN
But we never used to stand a watch
So near the Duke of Castile's house before.

SECOND WATCHMAN
Content yourself. Stand close. There's someone there.

Enter PEDRINGANO with a pistol

PEDRINGANO
Now, Pedringano, hold your pistol steady.
And hold on, Fortune! Once more favour me!
This gold is real, no dream that I risk all for.
As for the fear of apprehension,
I know, if need should be, my noble Lord
Will stand between me and ensuing harms.
Besides, this place is free from all suspicion.
Here therefore will I stay and take my stand.

Enter SERBERINE

SERBERINE *[aside]*
Here, Serberine, did Don Lorenzo's page
Tell you to meet his master at this hour.
If one were so disposed, how fit a place
This spot would be to ambush some poor soul.

PEDRINGANO *[aside]*
Here comes the bird that I must seize upon.
Now, Pedringano, or never play the man!

SERBERINE
I wonder why his Lordship stays so long,
And why it was he sent for me so late.

PEDRINGANO
For this, Serberine, and you shall have it!

Shoots him

So, there he lies. My promise is performed.

FIRST WATCHMAN
Hark, gentlemen, this is a pistol shot!

SECOND WATCHMAN
And here's one slain. Seize the murderer!

PEDRINGANO
Now, by the sorrows of the souls in hell,

He struggles with the WATCH

Who first lays hands on me, I'll be his priest!

THIRD WATCHMAN
Sirra, confess, and therein play the priest.
Why have you thus unkindly killed this man?

PEDRINGANO
Why, because he walked abroad so late.

SECOND WATCHMAN
Come, to the Marshal's with the murderer!

FIRST WATCHMAN
On to Hieronimo's! Help me here
To bring the murdered body with us too.

PEDRINGANO
Hieronimo? Carry me before whom you will!
What ere he be, I'll answer him and you.
And do your worst, for I defy you all!

All exit

ACT II, SCENE 7

LORENZO and BALTHAZAR plan to hasten PEDRINGANO's execution, so PEDRINGANO won't have a chance to implicate them. LORENZO sends the PAGE to PEDRINGANO with a box, supposedly containing a pardon.

CASTILE's house.
Enter LORENZO and BALTHAZAR

BALTHAZAR
How now, my Lord? What makes you rise so soon?

LORENZO
Fear of preventing our mishaps too late.

BALTHAZAR
What problem is it that we don't suspect?

LORENZO
Our greatest ills we least suspect, my Lord,
And unsuspected snags do hurt us most.
And I suspect our two confederates
Have betrayed us both to old Hieronimo.

BALTHAZAR
Betrayed, Lorenzo? Tush! It cannot be.

LORENZO
A guilty conscience pricked with the thought
Of former evils, easily cannot err.
I am persuaded (and dissuade me not)
That all's revealed to old Hieronimo.
And therefore know that I have planned it thus --
Enter PAGE
But here's the Page. How now? What news with you?

PAGE
My Lord, Serberine is slain.

BALTHAZAR
Who? Serberine, my man?

PAGE
Your Highness' man, my Lord.

LORENZO
Speak, page: who murdered him?

PAGE
Pedringano has been arrested, Sire.

BALTHAZAR
Is Serberine slain, that loved his Lord so well?
Injurious villain! Murderer of his friend!

LORENZO
[Aside] Was Balthazar so fond of Serberine?
Think fast, Lorenzo, time for change of plan.
[To Balthazar] Hath Pedringano murdered Serberine?
My Lord, let me entreat you to take the pains
To exasperate and hasten his revenge
With your complaints unto my Lord the King.

BALTHAZAR
Be assured, Don Lorenzo, he shall die.
I'll ask the King to hasten the beginning
Of the Knight-Marshal's court sessions.
Exit BALTHAZAR.

LORENZO *[aside]*
Well, now! This fits into my very plan.
I lay the plot, he prosecutes the point.
And thus experience bids the wise to act,
Their scheming hidden from their closest friends.
No man will know it was my far-seeing plan.
'Tis folly to trust another man,
When men themselves their secrets will reveal.
Enter a MESSENGER with a letter
Who's this?

MESSENGER
I have a letter for your Lordship.

LORENZO
From whom?

MESSENGER
From Pedringano, that's imprisoned.

LORENZO
What would he with us?
Reads the letter
He writes us here
To be his protector and help him in distress.
Tell him I have his letter, know his mind,
And he may be assured of all our help.
Fellow, be gone. My Page shall follow you.
Exit MESSENGER
[Aside] This works like wax! Yet once more try your wits.
[To Page] Boy, go convey this purse to Pedringano.
You know the prison. Secretly give it him,
And be watchful that none be thereabout.
Bid him be merry still, but secret.
And, though the Marshal sessions be today,
Bid him not doubt of his quick release.
Tell him his pardon is already signed,
And even if his hanging seems to loom,
You with his pardon shall attend him still.
Gives PAGE a box
Show him this box. Tell him his pardon's in it.
But open it not, if you love your life,
But let him wisely keep his hopes unknown.
He shall not want while Don Lorenzo lives.
Away!

PAGE
I go, my Lord, I run!

Exit PAGE

LORENZO
Now stands our fortune on a ticklish point,
And now or never ends Lorenzo's doubts.
When Pedringano's hanged, my secret's safe.
What I know, no one else on earth will know.
That I know all, is good enough for me.

Exit

ACT II, SCENE 8

The PAGE looks in the box and finds no pardon in it.

A street.
Enter PAGE with the box

PAGE
My master has forbidden me to look in this box, and, the truth is, if he hadn't forbidden me, I probably wouldn't even have thought of it. For we in our minority are like women in their uncertainty: what they are most forbidden, they will soonest attempt. So I now.

He looks in the box.

By my bare honesty, here's nothing but the bare empty box! I must go to Pedringano and tell him his pardon is in this box! Nay, I would have sworn it, had I not seen the contrary. I cannot choose but smile to think how the villain will flout the gallows, scorn the audience, and mock the hangman, and all the time presuming that his pardon is in the box. Will it not be an odd jest, for me to stand and laugh at every jest he makes, pointing my finger at this box, as if to say: "Mock on, here's your pardon!" Is it not a scurvy jest that a man should jest himself to death? Alas, poor Pedringano! I am in a way sorry for you, but not sorry enough to be hanged with you.

Exit

ACT II, SCENE 9

HIERONIMO condemns PEDRINGANO to death for murder. PEDRINGANO expects a last-minute pardon and jokes with the HANGMAN. But he is hanged.

The Court of Justice.
Enter HIERONIMO and the DEPUTY

HIERONIMO
Thus must we toil in other men's troubles
But know not how to remedy our own,
And do them justice, when unjustly we,
For all our wrongs, can acquire no redress.
And only I to all men just must be,
But neither gods nor men are just to me!

DEPUTY
Worthy Hieronimo, your office asks
A care to punish such as do transgress.

HIERONIMO
It's also my duty to regard his death
Who, when he lived, deserved my dearest blood.

Looks at bloody scarf

But come-- for what we came for, let's begin,
For here lies that which bids me to be gone.

DEPUTY
Bring forth the prisoner, for the court is set.

Enter OFFICERS & PEDRINGANO with a letter in his hand, bound. Also PAGE & a few spectators. Others roll in a gallows

PEDRINGANO
There you are, boy, and it's high time you came.
For I had written to my Lord again
For fear his lordship had forgotten me.
But, since he has remembered me so well,

Puts letter in pocket

Come, come, come on! Let's get on with it!

HIERONIMO
Stand forth, you monster, murderer of men,
And here, for satisfaction of the world,
Confess your folly and repent your fault,
For there's your place of execution.

PEDRINGANO
This is short work! Well, to your Martialship
First I confess, nor fear I death therefore,
I am the man, -- 'twas I slew Serberine.
But, sir, do you think this shall be the place
Where I shall pay you for this business?

DEPUTY
Aye, Pedringano.

PEDRINGANO
No, I don't think so.

HIERONIMO
Peace, impudent! For you will find it so.
For blood with blood shall, while I sit as judge,
Be satisfied, and the law discharged.
And, though myself cannot receive the like,
Yet will I see that others have their right.
Dispatch! The crime is proved and clear confessed,
And by our law he is condemned to death.

HANGMAN
Come on, sir! Are you ready?

PEDRINGANO
To do what, my fine officious knave?

HANGMAN
To go to this gear.

PEDRINGANO
O, sir, you are too forward. I know that hangmen claim the clothing of their prey. You want to trade your wretched rope for my fine vest. So should I go out of this gear, my raiment, into that gear, the rope? But, hangman, now I spy your knavery, I'll not trade without a few coins extra. That's flat.

HANGMAN
Come, sir.

PEDRINGANO
So then I must go up?

HANGMAN
No remedy.

PEDRINGANO
Yes, but there shall be for my coming down.

HANGMAN
Indeed here's a remedy for that.

PEDRINGANO
How? Be hanged?

HANGMAN
Aye, truly. Come, are you ready? I pray you, sir, dispatch, the day goes away.

PEDRINGANO
What, do you hang by the hour? If you do, I may chance to break your old custom.

HANGMAN
Faith, you have no reason, for I am like to break your young neck.

PEDRINGANO
Do you mock me, hangman? Pray God I be not preserved to break your knave's pate for this!

HANGMAN
Alas, sir, you are a foot too low to reach it, and I think you will never grow so high while I'm in office.

PEDRINGANO
Sirra, do you see yonder boy with the box in his hand?

HANGMAN
What, he that points to it with his finger?

PEDRINGANO
Aye, that fellow.

HANGMAN
I know him not, but what of him?

PEDRINGANO
What has he in his box, do you think?

HANGMAN
Faith, I cannot tell, and I don't really care. Methinks you should rather hearken to your soul's health.

PEDRINGANO
Why, sir hangman, I take it that what is good for the body is likewise good for the soul: and it may be that in that box is balm for both.

HANGMAN
Well, you are surely the merriest piece of rope-bait that ere groaned at my office-door.

PEDRINGANO
I prithee, request this good company to pray for me.

HANGMAN
Aye, marry, sir, this is a good notion! My masters, you see, here's a good fellow.

PEDRINGANO
Nay, nay, now I remember me, let them alone till some other time, for now I have no great need.

HIERONIMO
I've never seen a wretch so impudent.
O monstrous times when murders are so light,
And when the soul that should be shined in heaven
Solely delights in dark, forbidden things.
Murder? O bloody monster! God forbid
A fault so foul should escape unpunished!
Dispatch, and see this execution done.
This makes me to remember you, my son.
Exit HIERONIMO

PEDRINGANO
Nay, soft! no haste!

DEPUTY
Why, wherefore stay you? Have you hope of life?

PEDRINGANO
Why, yes.

HANGMAN
And how?

PEDRINGANO
Why, rascal, by my pardon from the King.

HANGMAN
You stand on that? Then you shan't stand on this.
He hangs him

DEPUTY
So, executioner, convey him hence,
But let his body be unburied.
Let not the earth be choked or infected
With that which Heaven condemns and men neglect.
All exit

ACT II, SCENE 10

ISABELLA goes mad with grief.

HIERONIMO's house.
Enter ISABELLA and her MAID

ISABELLA
So, then. You say this herb will purge the eyes,
And this the head? Ah! But none of them will purge the heart!
No, there's no medicine left for my disease,
Nor any physic to recure the dead.
She runs about like a lunatic
Horatio! O, where's Horatio?

MAID
Good Madam, affright not thus yourself
With outrage for your son Horatio.
He sleeps in quiet in Elysian fields.

ISABELLA
Why did I not give you gowns and goodly things,
Bought you a whistle and a whipstalk too,
To be revenged on their villanies?

MAID
Madame, these humours do torment my soul.

ISABELLA
My soul? Poor soul, you talk of things
You know not what! My soul has silver wings,
That mounts me up onto the highest heavens.
To heaven? Aye, there sits up Horatio,
Backed with troop of fiery cherubim
Dancing about his newly healèd wounds,
Singing sweet hymns and chanting heavenly notes,
Rare harmony to greet his innocence,
That died, aye, died a paragon for all!
But say, where shall I find, the men, the murderers,
That slew Horatio? Whither shall I run
To find them out, that murderèd my son?
They exit

ACT II, SCENE 11

BEL-IMPERIA laments her captivity.

CASTILE's house.
BEL-IMPERIA at a window

BEL-IMPERIA
What means this outrage that is offered me?
Why am I thus sequestered from the Court?
No notice? Shall I not know the cause
Of these my secret and suspicious ills?
Accursed brother! Unkind murderer!
Why do you twist your mind to martyr me?
Hieronimo, why wrote I of your wrongs,
And why are you so slack in your revenge?
Well, I have no choice, I must constrain myself
To patience, and apply me to the time,
Till Heaven, as I hope, shall set me free.

Enter CHRISTOPHEL

CHRISTOPHEL
Come, Madam Bel-imperia, this must not be!
They exit

ACT II, SCENE 12

CHORUS. *The GHOST of Andrea is still impatient. REVENGE promises he shall be revenged when the time is ripe.*

GHOST
Did you bring me here to increase my pain?
I looked that Balthazar should have been slain.
But 'tis my friend Horatio that is slain,
And they abuse fair Bel-imperia,
On whom I doted more than all the world,
Because she loved me more than all the world.

REVENGE
You talk of harvest, when the corn is green.
The end is crown of every work well done.
The sickle comes not till the corn be ripe.
Be still. Before I lead you from this place,
I'll show you Balthazar in heavy case.

INTERVAL

ACT III, SCENE 1

The HANGMAN brings HIERONIMO a letter from PEDRINGANO to LORENZO, which names LORENZO and BALTHAZAR as the murderers of HORATIO. HIERONIMO decides to go to the KING for justice.

HIERONIMO's house.
Enter HIERONIMO

HIERONIMO
Where shall I run to breathe abroad my woes,
With ceaseless plaints for my deceasèd son?
The blustering winds, conspiring with my words,
At my lament have moved the leafless trees,
Disrobed the meadows of their flowered green,
Made mountains marsh with spring-tides of my tears,
And broken through the brazen gates of hell.
Yet still tormented is my tortured soul
With broken sighs and restless passions,
That, wingèd, mount, and, hovering in the air,
Beat at the windows of the brightest heavens,
Soliciting for justice and revenge.
But I find the place impregnable, and they
Resist my woes and give my words no way.

Enter HANGMAN with a letter

HANGMAN
God bless you, sir! The man, sir, Pedringano,
He that was so full of merry conceits--

HIERONIMO
Well, what of him?

HANGMAN
O Lord, sir! I fear we have done him wrong.
The fellow had an authorization for his deed.
Sir, I found this letter in his vest.

HIERONIMO
Give it me.

HANGMAN
You will stand between the gallows and me?

HIERONIMO
Aye, aye!

HANGMAN
I thank your Lord Worship.

Exit HANGMAN

HIERONIMO
I will, to ease the grief that I sustain,
Make truce with sorrow while I read on this.
[Reads] "My Lord Lorenzo, I do write to ask,
That you will work for my delivery.
If you neglect, my life is desperate,
And in my death I shall reveal the truth.
You know, my Lord, I slew him for your sake,
And was confederate with the Prince and you,
Won by rewards and hopeful promises.
I helped to murder Don Horatio too."
Helped he to murder my Horatio?
And actors in the accursed tragedy
Were you, Lorenzo, and you, Bathazar?
Of whom my son, my son deserved so well?
Now I see, what I dared not then suspect,
That Bel-imperia's letter was not feigned,
Nor did she lie, though falsely they have wronged her.
O false Lorenzo! Are these your flattering looks?
Is this the honour that you did my son?
And, Balthazar (bane to your soul and me!),
Was this the ransom he preserved you for?
Woe to your birth, your body and your soul,
Your cursed father, and your conquered self!
But wherefore waste I my unfruitful words,
When naught but blood will satisfy my woes?
I will go protest to my Lord the King,
And cry aloud for justice through the Court.

Exit

ACT III, SCENE 2

LORENZO releases BEL-IMPERIA and tries to explain his actions to her. But she rejects his explanation and BALTHAZAR's renewed courtship.

A room in CASTILE's house.
Enter LORENZO, BALTHAZAR and the PAGE

LORENZO
Page, talk no further. Thus far things go well.
But then, are you sure that you saw him dead?

PAGE
Or else, my Lord, I live not.

LORENZO
That's enough.
Here, take my ring, and give it to Christophel,
And bid him let my sister be released,
And bring her hither straight.

Exit PAGE

[To Balthazar] I did what I did for a good reason,
To smooth and keep the murder secret,
But since talk of the murder now is less,
My gentle sister will I now release.

BALTHAZAR
It's about time, Lorenzo, for the Duke,
You heard, enquired for her yesterday.

LORENZO
And, my Lord, I hope you have heard me give
Sufficient reason why she's kept away.
But never mind that. My Lord, you love her?

BALTHAZAR
Aye.

LORENZO
Then in your love beware. Deal cunningly.
Soothe all suspicions, only back me up.
And if she makes a difficulty now
About the murder or her confinement,
Jest with her gently. Under feignèd jest
Are things concealed that else would breed unrest.
But here she comes.
Enter BEL-IMPERIA
Now, sister.

BEL-IMPERIA
Sister? No!
You are no brother, but an enemy,
Or you would not have used your sister so.
First, to frighten me with your weapons drawn,
And savagely to murder my dear friend,
And then to hurry me like whirlwind's rage
Amidst a crew of your confederates,
And lock my up where none might visit me,
Nor was I able to reveal my wrongs.
What madding fury did possess your wits?
Or how is it that I offended you?

LORENZO
Consider what you say, Bel-imperia,
For I have done you no disparagement,
Unless, by more discretion then you deserved,
I sought to save your honour and my own.

BEL-IMPERIA
My honour? Why, Lorenzo, where is it
That I neglect my reputation so
That you, or any, need to rescue it?

LORENZO
His Highness and my father were resolved
To come consult with old Hieronimo
Concerning certain matters of the state
In which the Viceroy had interest.

BEL-IMPERIA
And how was my honour concerned in that?

BALTHAZAR
Have patience, Bel-imperia, hear the rest.

LORENZO
They sent me to his house as messenger
To give him word that they were on the way.
Then, when I came, accompanied by the Prince,
I found you, sister, with Horatio
All unexpected in an arbour there.

BEL-IMPERIA
And then?

LORENZO
Why, then, remembering that old disgrace
Which you for Don Andrea had endured,
And now were likely longer to sustain
By being found with a man of low estate,
Thought rather, for I knew no readier means,
To thrust Horatio from my father's sight.

BALTHAZAR
And carry you secretly somewhere else,
Lest his Highness should have found you there.

BEL-IMPERIA
Is that so, my Lord? And you are witness
That this is true, which he has just explained?
You, gentle brother, did this for my sake?
And you, my Lord, were made his instrument?
A work of worth! Worthy the noting too!
But why, I pray, did you conceal me since?

LORENZO
Since the news came of Don Andrea's death,
Your sadness has increased my father's wrath.

BALTHAZAR
And it was better for you, being in disgrace,
To absent yourself and let his fury fade.

BEL-IMPERIA
But why had I no notice of his anger?

LORENZO
That would have added more fuel to your fire,
Which burnt like Aetna for Andrea's loss.
But, Bel-imperia, see the gentle Prince.
Look on your love, behold young Balthazar,
Whose passions by your presence are increased,
And in whose melancholy you may see
Your hate, his love, your flight, his pursuit of you.

BEL-IMPERIA
Brother, you have become an orator
Since I last saw you, too subtle for me.
But the Prince is meditating higher things.

BALTHAZAR
It's of your beauty, then, that conquers kings,
Of those your tresses, Ariadne's twines,
With which you have ensnared my liberty,
Of that your ivory face, my sorrow's map,
In which I see no haven to rest my hopes.

BEL-IMPERIA
To love and fear, and both at once, my Lord,
In my opinion, are things of more import
Than women's wits are to be busied with.

Exit

LORENZO
Nay, if you argue things so cunningly,
We'll go continue this discourse at Court.

BALTHAZAR
Led by the loadstar of heavenly looks,
Wends poor oppressèd Balthazar,
As o'er the mountains walks the wanderer
Uncertain to complete his pilgrimage.

They exit

ACT III, SCENE 3

HIERONIMO wanders the streets, still insane with grief.

A street.
Enter two PORTUGUESE and HIERONIMO meets them

FIRST PORTUGUESE
By your leave, sir.

HIERONIMO *[Distracted]*
Good leave have you. Nay, I pray you go,
For I'll leave you, if you can leave me so.

SECOND PORTUGUESE
Pray you, which is the nearest way to my Lord the Duke's?

HIERONIMO
The furthest way from me.

FIRST PORTUGUESE
To the house, we mean.

HIERONIMO
O hard by. 'Tis yon house that you see.

SECOND PORTUGUESE
You could not tell us if his son were there?

HIERONIMO
Who? My Lord Lorenzo?

FIRST PORTUGUESE
Aye, sir.

HIERONIMO
Now, if you're truly determined to know
The way to him and where to find him out,
Listen to me, and I'll resolve your doubt:
There is a path upon your left hand side
That leads down from a guilty conscience
Into a forest of distrust and fear,
A darksome place and dangerous to pass,
There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts
Whose baleful humours if you but keep on,
Will surely guide you to despair and death.
Within a mammoth dale of lasting night,
That, kindled with worlds of iniquities,
Doth cast up filthy and detested fumes,
Not far from thence where murderers have built
A habitation for their cursed souls,
There, in a brazen caldron fixed by Jove
In his fell wrath upon a sulphur flame,
You there shall find Lorenzo having a bath
In boiling lead and blood of innocents.

Exit

SECOND PORTUGUESE
Doubtless this man is passing lunatic,
Or imperfection of his age does make him dote.
Come, let's away to seek my Lord the Duke.

They exit

ACT III, SCENE 4

HIERONIMO contemplates suicide, then tries to bring his complaint to the KING, but LORENZO prevents him.

The Spanish court.
Enter HIERONIMO with a dagger in one hand and a noose in the other

HIERONIMO
Now, sir, suppose I come to see the King.
The King sees me, and feign would hear my suit.
What's this? The evil gossip drowns me out.
Alas, I see their plan and speak no more.
Hieronimo, it's time for you to act!
Down by the dale that flows with purple gore
Stands a fiery tower. There sits a judge
Upon a seat of steel and molten brass.
Away, Hieronimo, to him be gone.
He'll do you justice for Horatio's death.
[Holds up dagger]
Turn down this path, you shall be with him soon.
[Holds up noose]
Or this, and you need not take another breath.
This way, or that way? Wait a bit, not so!
For, if I hang or stab myself, tell me
Who will revenge Horatio's murder then?
No, no, fie, no! pardon me, I'll none of that:

He flings away the dagger & noose

This way I'll take, and this way comes the King,
And here I'll have a fling at him, that's flat!

Enter KING, AMBASSADOR, CASTILE, and LORENZO

KING
Now tell, Ambassador, what our Viceroy says.
Has he received the articles we sent?

HIERONIMO
Justice! O, justice to Hieronimo!

LORENZO
Back! Don't you see the King is busy?

HIERONIMO
O! Is he so?

KING
Who is he that interrupts our business?

HIERONIMO
Not I! *[aside]* Hieronimo, beware! Not now!

AMBASSADOR
Renownèd King, he has received and read
Your kingly offers of your promised league,
And, as a man is extremely overjoyed
To hear his son so princely entertained,
Whose death he had so solemnly bewailed.
This, for your further satisfaction
And kingly love, he kindly lets you know:
First, for the marriage of his princely son
With Bel-imperia, your beloved niece,
The news is more delightful to his soul
Then myrrh or incense to the gods above.
In person, therefore, will he come himself
To see the marriage rites solemnized,
And in the presence of the Court of Spain
To knit a sure inextricable band
Of kingly love and everlasting league
Betwixt the crowns of Spain and Portugal.
There will he give his crown to Balthazar,
And make a queen of Bel-imperia.

KING
Brother, how like you this our Viceroy's love?

CASTILE
No doubt, my Lord, it is a message full
Of friendship towards yourself and all the Court,
Nor am I least indebted to his Grace,
For his affection for my daughter

AMBASSADOR
Now last, dread Lord, here hath his Highness sent
(Although he ask not that his son return)
His ransom due to Don Horatio.

The ransom is brought forward

HIERONIMO
Horatio? who calls Horatio?

KING
And well remembered, thank his Majesty!
Here, see it's given to Hieronimo.

HIERONIMO
Justice! O justice! Justice, gentle King!

KING
Who is that? Hieronimo?

HIERONIMO
Justice! O justice! O my son! My son!
My son, whom naught can ransom or redeem!

LORENZO
Hieronimo, you must not act this way.

HIERONIMO
Away, Lorenzo! Hinder me no more,
For you have made me bankrupt of my bliss!
Give me my son! You shall not ransom him!
Away! I'll rip the bowels of the earth,
He digs with his dagger
And ferry over the Elysian plains
And bring my son to show his deadly wounds.
Stand from about me! I'll make a pickaxe of my dagger,
And here surrender up my marshalship.
For I'll go marshal up the fiends in hell,
To be avenged on all of you for this.

KING
What means this outrage?
Will none of you restrain his fury?

HIERONIMO
Nay, soft and fair, you shall not need to strive!
Hieronimo walks so the devils may drive.
Exit

KING
What accident has struck Hieronimo?
I've never seen him act this way before.

LORENZO
My gracious Lord, his excessive grief
For young Horatio, his valiant son,
And greed to have the ransom of the Prince
Have made him in a manner lunatic.

KING
Believe me, nephew, we are sorry for it.
This is the love that fathers bear their sons.
But, gentle brother, go give to him this gold,
The Prince's ransom. Let him have his due.

LORENZO
But if he is thus helplessly insane,
It's requisite his office be resigned
And given to one of more discretion.

KING
We would increase his melancholy so.
It's best that we look further into it.
Till then, we will not leave the post vacant.
Now, brother, bring in the Ambassador,
That he may be a witness of the match
Between Balthazar and Bel-imperia,
And that we may fix a certain time
Wherein the marriage shall be solemnized,
And we may have your Lord the Viceroy here.

All exit

ACT III, SCENE 5

HIERONIMO considers leaving revenge to Heaven. He is interrupted by four citizens, including old BAZULTO, who ask for his help. His madness returns, and he mistakes BAZULTO for the ghost of HORATIO. He finally decides to take his revenge in a patient, subtle way, and meanwhile to conceal his anger.

HIERONIMO's house.
Enter HIERONIMO with a book in his hand

HIERONIMO
[Reads] "Vengeance is mine, sayeth the Lord.
The heavens will be revenged of every ill,
Nor will they suffer murder unrepaid!
For evils to evils conductors be,
And death's the worst of resolutions."
Then stay, Hieronimo, attend their will,
For mortal men may not appoint their time.

A noise within

How now? What noise, what turmoil is in there?

Enter a SERVANT

SERVANT
Here are a group of poor petitioners
Who are insisting, if it please you, sir,
That you should plead their cases to the King.

HIERONIMO

Puts down book

That I should plead their several actions?
Why, let them enter, and let me see them.

Enter three CITIZENS and DON BAZULTO

FIRST CITIZEN
So I tell you this: for learning and for law
There is not any advocate in Spain
That can prevail or will take half the pain
That he will in pursuit of equity.

HIERONIMO
Come near, you men, that thus importune me!
[Aside] Now must I bear a face of gravity,
For once, before I was Marshal, I used
To plead such causes as solicitor. --
Come on, sirs, what's the matter?

SECOND CITIZEN
Sir, an action.

HIERONIMO
Of battery?

FIRST CITIZEN
Mine of debt.

HIERONIMO
Give place.

SECOND CITIZEN
No, sir, mine is an action that needs a writ.

THIRD CITIZEN
Mine an eviction from a holding.

HIERONIMO
Content you, sirs. Are you determined
That I should plead your several actions?

FIRST CITIZEN
Aye, sir, and here's my declaration.

SECOND CITIZEN
And here is my bond.

THIRD CITIZEN
And here is my lease.

They give him papers

HIERONIMO
But why stands yon wretched man so mute,
With mournful eyes and hands to heaven upturned?
Come hither, father. Let me know your cause.

BAZULTO
O worthy sir, my cause but slightly known
Would move the hearts of warlike Myrmidons,
And melt the solid rocks with rueful tears!

HIERONIMO
Say, father, tell me, what's your suit?

BAZULTO
Here, sir, read this.

HIERONIMO
What's here? "The Humble Supplication
Of Don Bazulto for his Murdered Son."

BAZULTO
Aye, sir.

HIERONIMO
No, sir, it was my murdered son!
Oh, my son, my son! Oh, my son Horatio!
But mine or yours, Bazulto, be content.
Here, take my handkerchief and wipe your eyes.
He draws out bloody scarf
O, no, not this! Horatio, this was yours!
And when I dyed it in your dearest blood,
This was a contract betwixt your soul and me
That for your death revengèd I should be.
He draws out more objects
But here: take this, and this! What? My purse?
Aye, this and that and all of them are yours,
For all as one are our extremities,
And in our troubles we are as one.

FIRST CITIZEN
Oh, see the kindness of Hieronimo!

SECOND CITIZEN
This gentleness shows him a gentleman.

HIERONIMO
See, see, oh, see your shame, Hieronimo!
See here a loving father to his son:
Behold the sorrows and the sad laments
That he expresses for his son's decease.
If love express such power in humbler wits,
Then aren't you ashamed, Hieronimo, to neglect
The swift revenge of your Horatio?
Though on this earth justice will not be found,
I'll down to hell and in this passion
Knock at the dismal gates of Pluto's court,
Getting by force, as once Hercules did,
A troupe of furies and tormenting hags,
To torture Don Lorenzo and the rest. --
Come on, old father, be my Orpheus,
And, if you can play no notes upon the harp,
Then sound the chorus of your sore heart's grief
Till we persuade the Underworld to grant
Revenge on them that murderèd my son.
Then will I rent and tear them thus and thus,
Shivering their limbs in pieces with my teeth!
Tears the papers

FIRST CITIZEN
Oh, sir, my declaration!

Exit HIERONIMO and they after

SECOND CITIZEN
Save my bond!

Enter HIERONIMO

SECOND CITIZEN
Save my bond!

THIRD CITIZEN
Alas my lease! It cost me
Ten pound, and you, my Lord, have torn the thing!

HIERONIMO
That can not be, I gave it never a wound.
Show me one drop of blood fall from the same!
How is it possible I should slay it then?

Exit all but DON BAZULTO.
BAZULTO remains till HIERONIMO enters again, who, staring him the face, speaks:

So you have come, Horatio, from the depth,
To ask for justice in this upper earth?
To tell your father you are unrevenged?
To wring more tears from Isabella's eyes,
Whose lights are dimm'd with over-long laments?
Go back, my son, complain in the Underworld,
For here's no justice. Gentle boy, begone,
For justice is exiled from the earth.

BAZULTO
Alas, my Lord, whence springs this troubled speech?

HIERONIMO
But let me look on my Horatio.
Sweet boy, how you have changed in death's black shade!
Had Proserpine no pity on your youth,
But suffered your fair crimson-coloured spring
With withered winter to be blasted thus?
Horatio, you are older than your father!
Ah, ruthless fate, that beauty thus transforms!

BAZULTO
Ah, my good Lord, I am not your young son.

HIERONIMO
What! Not my son? Then you are a Fury
Sent from the empty kingdom of black night
To summon me to make appearance
Before the judges of the Underworld,
That charge Hieronimo, who is remiss
And seeks not vengeance for Horatio's death.

BAZULTO
I am a grievèd man, and not a ghost,
That came for justice for my murdered son.

HIERONIMO
Aye, now I know you, now you've named your son.
You are the living image of my grief.
Within your face my sorrows I may see.
Your eyes are gummed with tears, your cheeks are pale,
Your forehead troubled, and your muttering lips
Murmur sad words abruptly broken off

By force of windy sighs your spirit breathes.
And all this sorrow rises for your son,
The selfsame sorrow I feel for my son.
Go in, old man, go in to Isabella.
And rest yourself, and tell her I'll come soon,
And you and I and she will sing a song,
Bazulto exits
Three parts in one, but all of discords framed.
Talk not of cords!
For with a cord Horatio was slain.
Picks up the book, looks at it then throws it down
No! I will revenge his death!
Strike, and strike home, when you have been wronged!
But how? Not openly, as foolish men
Would act, with inevitable ills,
But by a secret, yet a certain means,
Which as feigned friendship will be hidden best.
Wise men will take their opportunity,
Closely and safely fitting things to time.
Thus, therefore, will I rest me in unrest,
Dissembling quiet in unquietness,
Seeming that I don't know their villainies,
So my simplicity will make them think
That ignorantly I will let all slip.
No, no, Hieronimo, you must direct
Your eyes to observation, and your tongue
To milder speeches than your spirit feels,
Your heart to patience, and your hands to rest,
Your cap to courtesy, and your knee to bow,
Till to revenge you know when, where and how.
Exit

ACT III, SCENE 6

The KING greets the VICEROY of Portugal, who has come for the wedding. CASTILE accuses LORENZO of antagonizing HIERONIMO. LORENZO denies this. HIERONIMO is sent for and pretends to have no quarrel with anyone.

The Spanish court. Enter KING, CASTILE, LORENZO, BEL-IMPERIA and others on one side, VICEROY, BALTHAZAR, DON PEDRO and others on the other.

KING
Go, brother, it is the Duke of Castile's cause.
Salute the Viceroy in our name.

CASTILE
I go.

VICEROY
Go forth, Don Pedro, for your nephew's sake,
And greet the Duke of Castile.

DON PEDRO
It shall be so.

KING
And now to meet these Portuguese.
Welcome, brave Viceroy, to the Court of Spain!
And welcome, all his honourable train!
We note your troth and faithful loyalty
And more than common love you lend to us.
For it beseems us now that it be known
To all the world that my honourable niece
Already is betrothed to Balthazar.
And, by appointment and by our consent,
Tomorrow they are to be married.
To this intent we entertain you and your train.

VICEROY
Know, Sovereign, I come to solemnize
The marriage of your beloved niece,
Fair Bel-imperia, with my Balthazar, --
With you, my son, whom since I live to see,
Here, take my crown, I give it to her and you,
And let me live a solitary life of prayer, *[He weeps]*
To think how kindly heaven has preserved you.

KING
See, brother, see, how nature strives in him!
Come, worthy Viceroy, and accompany
Your friend, to strive with your emotions.
A place more private fits this princely mood.

VICEROY
Not here, but where your Highness thinks it good.

Exit all but CASTILE and LORENZO

CASTILE
Nay, stay, Lorenzo, let me talk with you.
Do you see this entertainment of these kings?

LORENZO
I do, my Lord, and joy to see the same.

CASTILE
And do you know why this meeting is?

LORENZO
For her, my Lord, whom Balthazar does love,
And to confirm their promised marriage.

CASTILE
She is your sister.

LORENZO
Aye, my gracious Lord, and this is the day
That I have longed so happily to see.

CASTILE
You would be loath that any fault of yours
Should intercept her in her happiness?

LORENZO
Heavens will not let Lorenzo err so much.

CASTILE
Why then, Lorenzo, listen to my words:
It is suspected, and reported too,
That you, Lorenzo, wrong Hieronimo,
And in his suits toward his Majesty
Still keep him back and seek to cross his suit.

LORENZO
That I, my Lord--?

CASTILE
I tell you, I myself have heard it said,
When to my sorrow I have been ashamed
To answer for you, though you are my son.
Lorenzo, don't you know the general love
And kindness that Hieronimo has won
By his virtues within the Court of Spain?
And don't you see the King my brother's care
On his behalf and to preserve his health?
Lorenzo, should you thwart his passions,
And he exclaim against you to the King,
What a scandal it would be among the kings,
Tell me, (and look you tell me truly too),
What grounds are there for this report in Court?

LORENZO
My Lord, it lies not in Lorenzo's power
To silence the vulgar, loose with their tongues.
No man lives that keeps everyone content.

CASTILE
I myself have seen you busy to keep back
Him and his supplications from the King.

LORENZO
Yes, you, my Lord, have seen his passions,
That ill beseemed the presence of a king.
Because I pitied him in his distress,
I led him thence with kind and courteous words,
As free from malice to Hieronimo
As to my soul, my Lord.

CASTILE
My son, Hieronimo mistakes you then?

LORENZO
My gracious father, believe me, so he does.
But what's a feeble man, distract in mind
To think about the murder of his son?
Alas, how easy it is for him to err!
But, for his satisfaction and the world's,
'Twere good, my Lord, that Hieronimo and I
Were reconciled, if he misconstrue me.

CASTILE
Lorenzo, you are right, it shall be so!
Go, one of you, and call Hieronimo.

Enter BALTHAZAR and BEL-IMPERIA.
Exit a SERVANT

BALTHAZAR
Come, Bel-imperia, Balthazar's content,
My sorrow's ease, and sovereign of my bliss, --
Since heaven has ordained you to be mine,
Disperse those clouds and melancholy looks,
And clear them up with those your sun-bright eyes,
Wherein my hope and heaven's fair beauty lies!

BEL-IMPERIA
My looks, my Lord, are fitting for my love,
Which, new begun, can show no brighter yet.

BALTHAZAR
New kindled flames should burn as morning sun.

BEL-IMPERIA
But not too fast, lest heat and all be done.
I see my Lord my father.

BALTHAZAR
True, my love.
I will go salute him.

CASTILE
Welcome, Balthazar,
Welcome, brave Prince, the pledge of Castile's peace!
And welcome Bel-imperia! How now, girl?
Why do you come sadly to salute us thus?
Content yourself, for I am satisfied.
It is not now as when Andrea lived.
We have forgotten and forgiven that,
And you are graced with a happier love.
But, Balthazar, here comes Hieronimo.
I'll have a word with him.

Enter HIERONIMO and a SERVANT

HIERONIMO
And where's the Duke?

SERVANT
Yonder.

HIERONIMO
Even so.
[aside] What new device have they devisèd now?
Few words, now, be mild as the lamb!
Will I be revenged? No, I am not the man.

CASTILE
Welcome, Hieronimo!

LORENZO
Welcome, Hieronimo!

BALTHAZAR
Welcome, Hieronimo!

HIERONIMO
My Lords, I thank you for Horatio.

CASTILE
Hieronimo, the reason that I sent
To speak with you is this—*[Hesitates]*

HIERONIMO
What? So short?
Then I'll be gone. I thank you for it!

CASTILE
Nay, stay, Hieronimo. Go call him, son.

LORENZO
Hieronimo, my father craves a word with you.

HIERONIMO
With me, sir? Why, my Lord, I thought you had done.

LORENZO *[aside]*
No, would he had!

CASTILE
Hieronimo, I hear
You find yourself aggrievèd at my son,
Because you have not access to the King,
And say 'tis he that intercepts your suits.

HIERONIMO
Why, is not this a miserable thing, my Lord?

CASTILE
Hieronimo, I hope you have no cause.
I would be sad that someone of your worth,
Should once have reason to suspect my son,
Considering how I think of you myself.

HIERONIMO
Your son Lorenzo? Who, my noble Lord?
The hope of Spain? My honourable friend?
Grant me the combat of them, if they dare!
Draws his sword
I'll meet them face-to-face to tell me so!
These are the scandalous reports of such
As love me not, and hate my Lord too much.
Could I suspect him that loved my son so well?
My Lord, I am ashamed it should be said.

LORENZO
Hieronimo, I never gave you cause.

HIERONIMO
My good Lord, I know you did not.

CASTILE
There then pause,
And, for the satisfaction of the world,
Hieronimo, frequent my homely house,
The Duke of Castile's long-established seat.
And when you wish, use me, my son, and it.
But here before Prince Balthazar and me,
Embrace each other, and be perfect friends.

HIERONIMO
Aye, marry, my Lord, I shall!
Embraces LORENZO
Friends, quoth he? See, I'll be friends with you all!
Embraces all
Especially with you, my lovely Lord.
Embraces LORENZO again
For diverse causes it is fit for us
That we be friends. The world is suspicious,
And men may think what we imagine not.

BALTHAZAR
Why this is freely done, Hieronimo.

LORENZO
And I hope old grudges are forgot.

HIERONIMO
What else? It were a shame it should not be so!

CASTILE
Come on, Hieronimo, at my request,
Let us entreat your company today!
All exit

ACT III, SCENE 7

CHORUS. *The GHOST is fooled by HIERONIMO's trick. REVENGE shows him a dumb-show that convinces him his revenge is near.*

GHOST
Awake, Revenge! Not by the fiery lakes
Nor in the foulest pits of Hell are seen
Such fearful sights, as poor Andrea sees!

REVENGE
Awake? But why?

GHOST
Awake, Revenge! For you are ill-advised
To sleep away what you are warned to watch!

REVENGE
Compose yourself, and do not trouble me.

GHOST
Hieronimo with Lorenzo is joined in league,
And intercepts our passage to revenge.
Awake, Revenge, or we are woebegone!

REVENGE
[Aside] Thus worldlings believe what they have dreamt upon!
Compose yourself, Andrea. Though I sleep,
Yet is my spirit soliciting their souls.
Be satisfied that poor Hieronimo
Cannot forget his son Horatio.
Nor dies Revenge although he sleep awhile.
For in unquiet, quietness is feigned,
And slumbering is a common worldly wile.
Behold, Andrea, for an instance how
Revenge has slept, and then imagine how
It is, to be subject to destiny.

Enter a Dumb-show
(described in REVENGE's next speech)

GHOST
Awake, Revenge! reveal this mystery!

REVENGE
The first two do the nuptial torches bear,
As brightly burning as the mid-day sun.
But after them does Hymen come as fast,
Clothed in sable and saffron robe,
And blows them out and quenches them with blood,
As discontent that things continue so.

GHOST
Enough, Revenge. Your meaning's understood.
And thanks to you and those infernal powers
That will not tolerate a lover's woe.
Sleep now, for I will sit to see the rest.

REVENGE
Then don't argue, for you have your request.

ACT IV, SCENE 1

BEL-IMPERIA chides HIERONIMO for not taking revenge, then joins him in his plot. HIERONIMO enlists LORENZO, BALTHAZAR and BEL-IMPERIA to play in a tragedy he has written.

CASTILE's house.
Enter BEL-IMPERIA and HIERONIMO

BEL-IMPERIA
Is this the love you have for Horatio?
Are these the fruits of your incessant tears?
Hieronimo, are these your passions,
Your protestations and your deep laments,
With which you used to weary all the Court?
O unkind father! O deceitful world!
With what excuses can you shield yourself,
Thus to neglect the loss and life of him
Whom both my letters and your own belief
Assure you to be cruelly slaughtered?
Hieronimo! For shame, Hieronimo,
Don't be an example to later times
Of man's ingratitude unto his son.
His death shall not be unrevenged by me.
For here I swear in sight of heaven and earth,
Should you neglect the love you should retain,
Then I shall send their hateful souls to hell!

HIERONIMO
Can it be true that Bel-imperia
Vows such revenge as she has deigned to say?
Why then, I see that heaven's on our side,
And all the saints do sit soliciting
For vengeance on those cursèd murderers.
Don't think I seek to find a weak excuse
To let his death be feebly unrevenged.
And here I vow, if you but give consent
And will conceal my resolution,
I will ere long be the cause of their deaths
That causeless thus have murderèd my son.

BEL-IMPERIA
Hieronimo, I will consent, conceal,
Do anything to help you in your task.
I'll join with you in vengeance for his death.

HIERONIMO
On then, and whatsoever I devise,
I ask that you support me in my work,
For the plot is already in my head.
Here they are!

Enter BALTHAZAR and LORENZO

BALTHAZAR
How now, Hieronimo?
What, courting Bel-imperia?

HIERONIMO
Aye, my Lord,
Such courting as, I promise you,
She hath my heart, but you, my Lord, have hers.

LORENZO
But now, Hieronimo, or never,
We are to entreat your help.

HIERONIMO
My help?
Why, my good Lords, assure yourselves of me,
For you have given me cause,
[Aside] Aye, by my faith, you have!

BALTHAZAR
It pleased you
At the entertainment of the Ambassador,
To grace the evening with a pleasing show.
Now if your bag of tricks has one more such
For celebrating the night of the wedding,
To entertain my father with the like,
Or any such-like pleasing spectacle,
Assure yourself it would content them well.

HIERONIMO
Why, then I'll fit you, say no more.
When I was young I gave my mind
And plied myself to fruitless poetry,
Which, though it profit the poor poet naught,
Yet it is passing pleasing to the world.

LORENZO
You mean to say--?

HIERONIMO
Marry, my good Lord, thus:
When I was a student in Toledo,
It was my chance to write a tragedy, --
See here, my Lords, --
He shows them a book
Which, long forgot, I found the other day.
If you acted it, you'd much favour me,
I mean each one of you to play a part.
Assure you it will prove most passing strange
And wondrous plausible to that assembly.

BALTHAZAR
What, would you have us play a tragedy?

HIERONIMO
Why, Nero thought it no disparagement,
And kings and emperors have taken delight
To make a trial of their wit in plays.

BALTHAZAR
In faith, Hieronimo, if you be in earnest,
I'll make one.

LORENZO
And I another.

HIERONIMO
Now, my good Lord, could you entreat,
Your sister, Bel-imperia, to make one?
For what's a play without a woman in it?

BEL-IMPERIA
Little entreaty shall serve me, Hieronimo,
'Twould please me to be employed in your play.

HIERONIMO
Why, this is well! I thank you all, my Lords.

BALTHAZAR
But could you tell us something of the plot?

HIERONIMO
That shall I do. The chronicles of Spain
Record this, written of a Knight of Rhodes,
Erasto by name. He was wedded
To one Perseda, an Italian dame,
Whose beauty ravished all that beheld her,
Especially the Emperor Soliman.
By sundry means sought Soliman to win
Perseda's love, but could not gain the same.
Then he did tell his passions to a friend,
One of his Pashas whom he held full dear.
The Pasha saw that she could not be won,
But by the death of Erasto (this Knight of Rhodes),
Whom presently by treachery his slew.
She, stirred with an exceeding hate therefore,
Slew Soliman, the cause of all her woe,
And, to escape the Pasha's tyranny,
Did stab herself. And this the tragedy.

LORENZO
O, excellent!

BEL-IMPERIA
But say, Hieronimo:
What then became of him that was the Pasha?

HIERONIMO
Marry, thus: moved with remorse for his misdeeds,
Ran to a mountain top and hanged himself.

BALTHAZAR
But which of us is to perform that part?

HIERONIMO
O, that will I, my Lords, make no doubt of it.
I'll play the murderer, I warrant you,
For I already have imagined that.

BALTHAZAR
And what shall I?

HIERONIMO
Great Soliman, the Turkish Emperor.

LORENZO
And I?

HIERONIMO
Erastus, the Knight of Rhodes.

BEL-IMPERIA
And I?

HIERONIMO
Perseda, chaste and resolute.
And here, my Lords, are several play-scripts drawn,

For each of you to learn your parts.
Gives paper to BALTHAZAR.
You must provide a Turkish cap,
A black moustache and curving Turkish sword.
Gives another to LORENZO
You with a cross, like a Knight of Rhodes.
Gives another to BEL-IMPERIA
And, Madam, you must attire yourself
Like Phoebe, Flora, or the Huntress,
Which to your discretion shall seem best.
And as for me, my Lords, I'll plan my part,
And with the ransom that the Viceroy sent
So furnish and perform this tragedy
So all the world shall say Hieronimo
Was liberal in gracing of it so.

BALTHAZAR
Hieronimo, methinks a comedy were better.

HIERONIMO
A comedy? Fie! Comedies are fit for common wits.
Give me a stately-written tragedy,
Containing substance, and not common things!
My Lords, all this must be performed,
As fitting, for the first night's revelling.
The Italian tragedians were so sharp
Of wit that with one hour's preparation
They could perform anything you gave them.

LORENZO
I'm sure that's true, for I have seen the like
In Paris, amongst the French tragedians.

HIERONIMO
And I myself in a concluding speech
That I will make there behind a curtain
(And with a strange and wondrous show besides),
Assure yourself, shall make all matters clear.
And all shall be concluded in one scene,
For there's no pleasure taken in tediousness.

BALTHAZAR *[to LORENZO]*
How like you this?

LORENZO
Why thus, my Lord, we must resolve,
To soothe his humours up.

BALTHAZAR
On then, Hieronimo, farewell till soon!

Exit all but HIERONIMO

HIERONIMO
Why, so! Now shall I see the fall of Babylon,
Wrought by the heavens in this confusion.
And, if the world don't like this tragedy,
Hard is the hap of old Hieronimo.

Exit

ACT IV, SCENE 2

ISABELLA kills herself.

HIERONIMO's garden.
Enter ISABELLA with a knife

ISABELLA
Tell me no more! O monstrous homicides!
Since neither piety nor pity moves
The King to justice or compassion,
I will revenge myself upon this place,
Where thus they murdered my beloved son.
She cuts down the arbour
Down with these branches and these loathsome
boughs!
Down with them, Isabella, rent them up,
And burn the roots from whence the rest is sprung!
I will leave not a root, a stalk, a tree,
A bough, a branch, a blossom, nor a leaf, --
No, not a herb within this garden plot,
Accursed plotter of my misery!
Fruitless forever may this garden be!
An eastern wind all mixed with noisome airs
Shall blast the plants and young saplings.
The earth with serpents shall be pestered,
And passers-by, for fear of infection,
Shall stand aloof, and, looking at it, say,
"There died the murdered son of Isabel."
Make haste, Hieronimo, to make excuses
For your neglect in pursuit of their deaths.
Ah, nay! You do delay their deaths,
You forgive the slayers of your noble son,
And none but I bestir me, -- to no end!
And, as I curse this tree from further fruit,
So shall my womb be cursed for his sake.
And with this weapon will I wound this breast, --
She stabs herself
This hapless breast that gave Horatio suck!
Exit

ACT IV, SCENE 3

HIERONIMO makes last-minute preparations for the play. The noble audience arrives, and the play begins. HIERONIMO kills LORENZO. BEL-IMPERIA kills BALTHAZAR and herself. HIERONIMO makes a final speech, then kills CASTILE and himself. The KING and the VICEROY mourn their losses.

The DUKE's house.
Enter HIERONIMO, carrying a bundle shaped like a corpse. He puts it in the inner stage and closes the curtain. He steps behind the curtain and is heard to be moving things around.
Enter the DUKE OF CASTILE.
Hieronimo steps from behind the curtain

CASTILE
How now, Hieronimo? Where's your helpers,
That you take all this pain?

HIERONIMO
O sir, it is for the author's credit
To look that all things may go well.
But, good my Lord, let me entreat your Grace
To give the King a copy of the play.
He hands CASTILE a sheaf of papers.

CASTILE
I will, Hieronimo.
Exit CASTILE

HIERONIMO
What, are you ready, Balthazar?
Bring a chair and a cushion for the King.
Enter BALTHAZAR with a chair
Our scene is Rhodes. What, is your beard on?

BALTHAZAR
Half on, the other is in my hand.

HIERONIMO
Dispatch, for shame! You are too slow.
Exit BALTHAZAR
Think now, Hieronimo,
Keep your wits about you, recall the wrongs
You have received by murder of your son,
And lastly, but not least, how Isabella,
Once his mother and your dearest wife,
All woebegone for him, has slain herself.
It fits you then, Hieronimo, to be
Revenged! The plot is laid of dire revenge.
On then, Hieronimo! pursue revenge,
For nothing wants but acting of revenge!
Exit

Enter KING, VICEROY, the DUKE OF CASTILE, DON PEDRO and their train

KING
Now, Viceroy, shall we see the tragedy
Of Soliman, the Turkish emperor,
Performed for pleasure by your son the Prince,
My nephew Don Lorenzo, and my niece.

VICEROY
Who? Bel-imperia?

KING
Aye, and Hieronimo our Marshal,
At whose request they deign to do it themselves.
These be our pastimes in the court of Spain.
Here, brother, you shall be the book-keeper:
This is the story of what they show.
He gives him a book.

Enter BALTHAZAR, BEL-IMPERIA, and HIERONIMO

BALTHAZAR *as Soliman*
Pasha, that Rhodes is ours yield Heaven the honour
And holy Mahomet, our sacred prophet!
And be thou graced with every excellence
That Soliman can give or thou desire!
But thy merit in conquering Rhodes is less
Then in preserving this fair Christian nymph,
Perseda, blissful lamp of excellence,
Whose eyes compel, like powerful magnets,
The warlike heart of Soliman to love.

KING
See, Viceroy, that is Balthazar your son,
That represents the Emperor Soliman.
How well he acts his amorous passion!

VICEROY
Aye, Bel-imperia has taught him that.

CASTILE
That's because his mind runs all on Bel-imperia.

HIERONIMO *as Pasha*
Whatever joy earth yields betide your Majesty!

BALTHAZAR *as Soliman*
Earth yields no joy without Perseda's love.

HIERONIMO *as Pasha*
Then let Perseda on your Grace attend.

BALTHAZAR *as Soliman*
She shall not wait on me, but I on her!
Drawn by the influence of her eyes, I yield.
But let my friend, the Knight of Rhodes, come forth
(Erasto, dearer than my life to me),
That he may see Perseda, my beloved.

Enter LORENZO as Erasto

KING
Here comes Lorenzo. Look upon the plot
And tell me, brother, what part he plays.

BEL-IMPERIA *as Perseda*
Ah, my Erasto! Welcome to Perseda!

LORENZO *as Erasto*
Thrice happy is Erasto that thou livest!
Rhodes' loss is nothing to Erasto's joy,
Since his Perseda lives, his life survives.

BALTHAZAR *as Soliman*
Ah, Pasha, here is love between Erasto
And fair Perseda, sovereign of my soul!

HIERONIMO *as Pasha*
Remove Erasto, mighty Soliman,
And then Perseda will be quickly won.

BALTHAZAR *as Soliman*
Erasto is my friend, and, while he lives,
Perseda never will remove her love.

HIERONIMO *as Pasha*
Let not Erasto live to grieve great Soliman!

BALTHAZAR *as Soliman*
Dear is Erasto in our princely eye.

HIERONIMO *as Pasha*
But, if he be your rival, let him die!

BALTHAZAR *as Soliman*
Why, let him die! So love commandeth me.
Yet I grieve that Erasto should so die.

HIERONIMO *as Pasha*
Erasto, Soliman saluteth thee,
And lets thee know by me his Highness' will,
Which is, thou shouldst be thus employed- -
Stabs him

BEL-IMPERIA *as Perseda*
Ay, me, Erasto! See, Soliman, Erasto's slain!

BALTHAZAR *as Soliman*
Yet liveth Soliman to comfort thee.
Fair queen of beauty, let not favour die,
But with gracious eye behold his grief,
That with Perseda's beauty is increased,
If by Perseda grief be not released.

BEL-IMPERIA *as Perseda*
Tyrant, desist soliciting vain suits!
Unyielding are mine ears to thy laments
As thy butcher is pitiless and base
Which seized on my Erasto, harmless knight.
Yet by thy power thou thinkest to command,
And to thy power Perseda doth obey.
But, were she able, thus she would revenge
Thy treacheries on thee, ignoble prince!
Stabs him
And on herself she would be thus revenged!
Stabs herself

KING
Well said, old Marshal! this was bravely done!

CASTILE
But Bel-imperia plays Perseda well.

VICEROY
Were this in earnest, Bel-imperia,
You would be better to my son than so.

KING
But now what follows for Hieronimo?

HIERONIMO
Marry, this follows for Hieronimo!
Perhaps you think (but bootless are your thoughts)
That this is fabulously counterfeit,
And that we do as all tragedians do,
We die today, for acting out our scene,
The death of Ajax, or some Roman peer,
And, in a minute starting up again,
Revive, to please tomorrow's audience.
Removes Pasha's turban and robe,
revealing bloody scarf tied around his arm
No, Princes! Know I am Hieronimo,
The hopeless father of a hapless son,
Whose tongue is tuned to tell his latest tale.
I see you want example of these words.
Behold the reason urging me to this!
Opens curtain, revealing body of Horatio
See here my show! Look on this spectacle!
They murdered me that made these fatal marks!
The cause was love whence grew this mortal hate:
The hate, Lorenzo and young Balthazar,
The love, my son to Bel-imperia.
But night, the coverer of accursed crimes,
With pitchy silence hushed these traitors' sins,
And lent them leave, for they had planned it well,
To take advantage in my garden plot
Upon my son, my dear Horatio.
There, merciless, they butchered up my boy,
In black, dark night, to pale, dim, cruel death!
And, Princes, now behold Hieronimo,
Author and actor in this tragedy,
Bearing his latest fortune in his fist,
Shows noose
And will as resolute conclude his part
As any of the actors gone before.
And, gentles, thus I end my play!
Urge no more words, I have no more to say.
He runs out door, appears on balcony,
begins to hang himself

KING
O hearken, Viceroy! Hold Hieronimo!
Brother, my nephew and your son are slain!

VICEROY
We are betrayed! My Balthazar is slain!
Break ope the doors! Run, seize Hieronimo!

Soldiers break in door to balcony
and bring HIERONIMO downstairs

KING
Speak, traitor! Damned, bloody murderer, speak!
For, now I have you, I will make you speak!
Why have you done this undeserving deed?

VICEROY
Why have you murdered my Balthazar?

CASTILE
Why have you butchered both my children thus?

HIERONIMO
O good words! As dear to me was Horatio
As yours, or yours, my Lord, to you.
My guiltless son was slain by your two sons,
Upon whose souls may Heavens be yet avenged
With afflictions greater far than these!
But by their bloody deaths before you now
Am I at last revengèd thoroughly.

CASTILE
But who were your confederates in this?

VICEROY
That was your daughter Bel-imperia,
For by her hand my Balthazar was slain.
I saw her stab him.

KING
Why don't you speak?

HIERONIMO
What lesser liberty can kings afford
Than harmless silence? Then afford it me!
I may not nor I will not tell you.

KING
Fetch forth the tortures!
Traitor as you are, I'll make you tell!

HIERONIMO
Indeed?
You may torment me as his wretched son
Has done in murdering my Horatio.
But never shall you force me to reveal
The thing which I have vowed inviolate.
And therefore, in despite of all your threats,
Pleased with their deaths, and eased with my revenge,
First take my tongue, and afterwards my heart!
He bites out his tongue and spits it on the floor

KING
O monstrous resolution of a wretch!
See, Viceroy, he has bitten forth his tongue
Rather than reveal what we required.

CASTILE
Yet he can write.
SERVANTS bring writing stand, paper, quill pen

KING
And if in this he satisfy us not,
We will devise the extremist kind of death
That ever was invented for a wretch.

HIERONIMO makes signs for a knife to mend his pen

CASTILE
O, he would have a knife to mend his pen.

VICEROY
Gives Hieronimo a knife
Here, and be sure that you write the truth--

KING
Look to my brother! Seize Hieronimo!

HIERONIMO with the knife stabs the DUKE and himself

KING
What age hath ever seen such monstrous deeds?
My brother and the whole succeeding hope
That Spain expected after my decease!
Go bear his body hence, that we may mourn
The loss of our beloved brother's death,
That he may be entombed, whate'er befall.
I am the next, the nearest, last of all.

VICEROY
And you, Don Pedro, do the like for us.
Take up our hapless son untimely slain.
Set me up with him, and he with woeful me,
Upon the mainmast of a ship unmanned,
And let the wind and tide haul me along
To Scylla's barking and untamèd gulf
Or to the loathsome pool of Acheron,
To weep my loss of my sweet Balthazar.
Spain hath no refuge for a Portuguese!

The trumpets sound a dead march, the KING OF SPAIN mourning after his brother's body, and the VICEROY OF PORTUGAL bearing the body of his son

ACT IV, SCENE 4

CHORUS. *The GHOST summarizes the deaths and tells how each should be treated in the Underworld.*

GHOST
Aye, now my hopes have end in their effects,
When blood and sorrow finish my desires:
Horatio murdered in his father's bower,
Vile Serberine by Pedrigano slain,
False Pedrigano hanged by quaint device,
Fair Isabella by herself misdone,
Prince Balthazar by Bel-imperia stabbed,
The Duke of Castile and his wicked son
Both done to death by old Hieronimo,
My Bel-imperia fallen as Dido fell,
And good Hieronimo slain by himself!

Aye, these were spectacles to please my soul.
Now will I beg of lovely Proserpine
That, by the virtue of her wise judgement,
I may meet my friends in pleasing sort,
And on my foes work just and sharp revenge.
I'll lead my friend Horatio through those fields
Where never-dying wars are carried on.
I'll lead fair Isabella to that train
Where pity weeps but never does feel pain.
I'll lead my Bel-imperia to those joys
That vestal virgins and fair queens possess.
I'll lead Hieronimo where Orpheus plays,
Adding sweet pleasure to eternal days.
But say, Revenge, (for you must help or none),
Against the rest how shall my hate be shown?

REVENGE
This hand shall hale them down to deepest hell,
Where none but furies, bugs and tortures dwell.

GHOST
Then, sweet Revenge, do this at my request:
Let me judge and doom them to unrest.
Let loose poor Tityus from the vultures' grip,
And let the Duke of Castile supply his place.
Place Don Lorenzo on Ixion's wheel,
And let the latter's endless pains surcease.
Hang Balthazar about Chimera's neck,
And let him there bewail his bloody love,
Regretting at our joys that are above.
Let Serberine go roll the fatal stone
And take from Sisyphus his endless moan.
False Pedringano, for his treachery,
Let him be dragged through boiling Acheron,
And there live dying still in endless flames,
Blaspheming gods and all their holy names.

REVENGE
Then haste we down to meet your friends and foes,
To place your friends in ease, the rest in woes.
For here, though death does end their misery,
I'll there begin their endless tragedy.

They exit

END